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THOUGHTS CONCERNING THINGS ETERNAL

CHAPLAIN HAINES H. LIPPINCOTT

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THOUGHTS CONCERNING THINGS ETERNAL

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Thoughts Concerning Things Eternal

CHAPLAIN HAINES HALLOCK LIPPINCOTT, A.B., S.T.B., A.M.
UNITED STATES NAVY

"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."—Micah 6: 8.

Science will never wholly satisfy the heart of man—this is left for religion, the peculiar disposition of the human heart—"the first thing and the last thing and the beginning and the end."

BOSTON
THE ROXBURGH PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
1922

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Dedicated
to a
Mother and Father
Who Set a Worthy Example
For a Son
to
Follow

Lippincott

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INTRODUCTION

The Nation has a new interest in the lives of the soldiers and sailors making up the Army and Navy. Without becoming militaristic in the slightest degree, the country has a profound appreciation of what her fighting men have meant in recent years. This appreciation extends to those temporarily in service and to those who make up the permanent ranks of the Army and Navy. All this would be gratifying if it stood alone. But it is particularly gratifying taken in connection with the enormous increase in the interest which the church has acquired in the lives of our soldiers and sailors. No one can measure accurately the distance we have come in a short period in the spiritual concern which the churches have for the men in the service.

Everything, therefore, that ministers to the religious and intellectual welfare of the men on ships or in camps has the approval of the church. The church likes to know what is being said by the chaplains to the men; what teachings are brought to those who do business

in great waters, who go down to the sea in ships; what moral influences and spiritual inspirations are thrown around them. The parents and friends of the men like to know these best things about the lives of the men. It is therefore a very great satisfaction to say these words of introduction to this small volume of sermons and addresses by one of the younger chaplains on one of the great ships of our Navy. They are spoken out of a young chaplain's heart and life to the men with whom he lives, the men whom he loves, for whom he labors and prays. He rings clear and true to the highest moral standards and spiritual ideals. And the country may be glad that such teachings are given to her brave sons on land and sea.

WILLIAM F. McDOWELL,

Chairman of the General Committee on Chaplains for the Army and Navy.

A FOREWORD BY THE AUTHOR

The fundamental truths that run thru the following pages have been echoed again and again by the writer. They have met ready response at sea and on shore. In one form or another they have been heralded in sermons and addresses. The quiet challenge of reason seems to be the note that appeals to this age. They are sent forth in response to numerous requests for the same, requests that have come from both civilian and service people. Trusting that they will in printed form meet a bigger and better response, they go forth to be taken at their own worth.

H. H. LIPPINCOTT.

It is the highest happiness of the thinking being to investigate what can be investigated, and silently to adore what cannot be explained.—Goethe.

Not knowledge, but faith works miracles; not all faith of course, but only the true faith which divines what is to come.—Paulsen.

"One's view of the world receives its most powerful and decided impetus, not from the understanding, but from the volitional side, from the practical reason."

Our faith is a human faith; as human beings we can neither have nor endure any other.

"Our world is designed for the exercise of our powers and not for passive enjoyment," and the fact that it is what it is predicates that it is the best that could have been.

"Wickedness may rule the day, but to truth and goodness belongs Eternity."

CHAPTER I

"IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"

Death is a strange adventure. The number of the dead is appalling. The silence of the grave seems a haunting thought with humanity. Into this land of mystery uncounted millions have made their journey, and we who now live hasten to follow in their train. The curtain hangs heavy on this world of the dead. The drama of the future is veiled from our eyes. The voiceless shadows give no hint as to the nature of the play. Life has no printed program for the theatre of another world. What lies beyond has been the question of the ages, and for us it still remains a subject of deep concern. At an open grave before a lowering casket we find our hearts feeling out into the night for some solution to this trenchant problem—Death. Its oppressive silence staggers our thoughts and bewilders our brain. Impotent and paralyzed, we behold its mysteries. How the human heart sighs for just one clear ray of light! At the threshold of the great beyond we stand and earnestly call out into its impenetrable shadows, only to be answered by the feeble echo of our own quivering voice. Seemingly in vain we ask the meaning of it all. Does man live but to pass away, never to return? Is putrefying dust to be the final goal of humanity? He that is, shall he be no more?

He that was, is he gone forever? "Yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he?" To this question all ages have come with trembling wonder and misgivings, and yet as if drawn by the irresistible magnetism of an unseen world. Before this sacred shrine man will ever and again whisper into language the question of his soul, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

The Doctrine of Immortality, Its Present Day Status.—The idea of immortality seems to have lost its grip on the modern world. Men seem conscious of no need to look beyond the present. The immediate task seems ever sufficient for the hour. Everywhere the noise of this world crowds out the thought of a world to come. Such a condition finds an explanation in the tireless activity of the twentieth century. Efficiency is the slogan of our day, and the grip of the present tempers the meaning of the same. Speedy production and rapid transportation is the cry of the world. Industry thinks in terms of spinning wheels and whirling machinery, it has little time for other things. Waste must be minimized, profits must be at a maximum. Energy must be expended only in the most effective channels. Investments must yield the largest possible returns. In a word, all the non-essentials must give place to the demands of efficiency. The modern world seems too busy to ponder on the thought of a world to come; for it, this world seems entirely sufficient.

And then, too, the spirit and temper of the age, like the noise and whirl of industry, seem little concerned with the problem of a world beyond. Echoing again and again in the halls of human activity are the terse words, "One world at a time." By this it is meant to offset any interest in such a theme as immortality. This boastful devotion to the present world is none other than the philosophy of a tender youth, unused to the storms and stress of later life. But here lies the truth as to the vigorousness of our day, the twentieth century is the age of youthful ascendency. Everywhere the cry is for young men. The great heart of the world throbs and quivers with the surging tides of young blood. What young men do and say seems to rule the world. Here we have further information as to the seeming indifference of the modern world to the hope of immortality. The thoughts of youth are youthful thoughts, and they lie far distant from any interest in old age, death and the grave. Life with its coursing tides holds youth in the spell of its ceaseless activity. It is, then, only natural, that the age wherein youth holds the dominant sceptre should be little concerned in the question of a future existence.

Philosophy itself, at least in many branches, seems not to have been conducive to a very vigorous faith in immortality in recent years. The sensational type that would reduce the "Ego," "Self," etc., to nothing more than the

molecular activity of brain cells may savor of a philosophy with seeming precision; but, to say the least, it has made little contribution to the interpretation of the facts of life. And, further than that, it makes personal immortality forever impossible with any such mechanical construction of the "conscious self."

The spirit of the age that has crowded the thought of immortality to the dusty shelf of a superstitious past has left its mark upon the religious world. Progress is a good thing, and no form of religious ritual should be allowed to hinder the same; but the wisdom of throwing to the winds the great dynamics of humanity to please the fancy of a popular fad is not so clear. In recent years the religious world has been carried away with a new note—a popular tendency to stress the present world, almost, if not entirely to the exclusion of the world beyond. It is only too true that the church in the past paid too little attention to the physical necessities of this needy world. It dreamed, perhaps, too much of a service far off in the unseen skies, while practical demands and crying needs lay pleading at her doors. "Thy Kingdom come on earth" has become the dominant thought of the modern church, and the truth here no one will deny. But to exchange the "City of God" for the "City of man" still seems a foolish move for the bargainer. The vision of "things to come" has been the driving force of the Christian Church as she fought

her way thru centuries of blatant infidelity—and this vision she must ever keep fresh before her eyes. The extreme shifting of interest in the religious world may well account for the indifference of the secular world to the thought of a life to come.

Hopeful signs, however, lie yonder along the hills on the horizon. Man must ever and again pause to think of the world of the dead, for the greater portion of human history as well as the vast majority of men still lies hidden in the mystic shadows of death's carefully kept secret. Youth may think of life, but this much goes almost without saying, old age must one time or another ponder on the ways of death. The pendulum must soon swing things back into their just proportions. The fearful welter of a world war brought the thought of immortality back to the hearts of men. Long, weary months of awful struggle quickened the soul of the world. Unceasing artillery fire poured back and forth on the continent. Cannon licked their livid tongues of fire in the frenzied hell of war. Deadly projectiles leaped from their shelter and screeched their way out into the darkness of the night. Europe trembled beneath the iron heel of murder and destruction. The world still bleeds with anguish and remorse while uncounted graves strew the remains of Paris, Calais, and Verdun. The one time peaceful rivers have been choked with the bodies of the dead. And the streets of Europe have run cold

with human blood. As an aftermath of all this bloodshed, ruin and chaos the world once again has paused to think. Intuitively it feels out for a reality beyond the present order of things. The philosopher who stood at Verdun and saw the toll of the dead pile up, murmured into language the feeling of the world when he said, "Death cannot end such Heroism as this, the dead must live again." He came away from the thunders and death of Verdun moved by the staggering demands for a faith in thorogoing personal immortality. His experience seems to be the experience of the world in miniature. The world is turning again to the doctrine of a future life. This conviction alone can breathe any real meaning into the present-day sweeping march of events. The world can never permanently lose her faith in a life to come.

The Doctrine of Immortality, Its History.— To deal with the origin of man's faith in a world to come is little more than mere speculation. The staggering fact in the matter is that man, at least as far as investigation has gone, has always harbored a faith in some form of immortality. Speculation has produced some suggestive ideas, but further than this it can never go. This much is certain, that man's faith in some way or other is tangled up in the unseen world of the dead. How this came about we do not know. We only know this, that it is one of humanity's great catholic beliefs. The

loyal son of prehistoric times may have stumbled on some such idea by an accidental freak of the mind. The savage may have buried his dead Chieftain but to see his apparition mysteriously manœuvering in vivid dreams and thereby come to believe in a shadow world of departed spirits. The hoary sages of the dim-distant past may have reached such conclusions by their gifts of imagination and reflection. Or it may more rationally be believed that such a faith was wholesomely bestowed upon primitive man by his Creator. But the stubborn fact remains, whether we like it or not, that faith in a future world of the dead is as old as the history of man. That this faith as the historian first finds it was meagre and strange we do not deny. But we wish to add that this much is also true: it has seen the pathway of evolution and followed it, keeping pace to the development of man.

The history of man's belief in a future existence is a tangled web to follow. Complex differences confront us on every hand. Hasty conclusions in this field, perhaps more than in any other, lead to unwarranted conceptions. We see primeval man thru a glass darkly, and his beliefs we must discover by a tedious process of possible inferences. Few definite documents lie in our hands. Some theories would have us believe that man first conjured with fancies and Fetichism as he thought of the dead. Others would urge to an opposite view.

So speculation at this point gets us nowhere. The most that we can do is to interpret the facts of history that do lie in our hands. We turn, then, to state in brief form the ideas of immortality as we find them among the races of the earth.

In this regard the fragmentary history of the earlier races now claims our attention. The home of the departed as viewed by these so-called "lower races" seems to have been a shadowy existence in an underworld. The location of such an abode varied with the different races. The baperi of Southern Africa thought of the souls of their dead as living in the confines of a cavern. Australians and Finns both considered the destiny of their dead to be an island beyond the sea in one case, beyond a river in the other. The Mexicans, Peruvians, and the lower American races have thought of the sun as the future abode of the departed. And, indeed, even the moon has been held to be the home of the spirits of the dead. But the most prevalent idea of all is that of a subterranean receptacle hidden somewhere in the bowels of the earth. This view is common to the hardy German tribes, the savages of North and South America, the Zulus of Africa, the Italmen of Kamchatka, the Samoan Islander and the Asiatic Karen.

When we come to the study of the later or so-called higher races, it is no longer necessary to deal with such fragmentary evidence. I do

not mean that full information, even in this case, lies in our hands. But the records here contain a world of information as compared with the fragmentary documents of the lower peoples. Indeed, it is here that we find faith in immortality quite elaborate and detailed. We turn, then, to state in brief form the various conceptions of immortality as we find them among the leading peoples of the earth.

The Hindu of India.—More primitive, perhaps, than any other is the conception at one time held by the people of India. We come, then, first of all, to this great speculative and philosophical center. "As far back as our records carry us, the Hindu is seen to be a believer in an after existence." Further back than this we cannot say. This is sufficient, that as far back as fifteen centuries before Christ the Hindu looked for a future life. Society at that day obviously must have been comparatively simple. To the Hindu things seemed as they do to the "open eye" of childhood. He believed with the simplicity that characterized his generation. That early faith, however, was destined to change. It was soon disturbed by the influx of philosophical speculation. That he was to pass into that "Everlasting and Imperishable World" where there is eternal light and glory was all right, but time brought further questions to be discussed and answered. Moral values crowded in for some consideration.

This led to a belief in a "Life of Happiness" and "An Abyss of Evil" in the world to come. But the rush of Indian thought did not pause at this point. To attain happiness meant to satisfy the demands of sacrifice. This brought its questions and pushed thought out into the ever-widening fields of theosophy, sacerdotalism, and metaphysics. The idea of transmigration crept into the Hindu form of thought and revolutionized it. In spite of its fearful pessimism it gripped Indian thought for ages. This brought its conceptions of long series of weary births and rebirths according to the transmigration cycles of life. Man passed from one existence only to enter upon another. Following inevitably in the wake of such a faith came the doctrine that individual existence was a calamity to be gotten rid of. The burning hope of the soul found expression in a longing for deliverance. To taste of deliverance became the golden goal of human endeavor. To be finally lost in "Brahma" was the chief end of living. This was the general strain of Indian faith in immortality. Buddhism came but to change it slightly. It, too, made much of the idea of a destiny where desire should no longer disturb the soul of man. The golden bliss that Buddhism held for man was the state of "Nirvana," "which expresses perhaps neither the negative idea of the annihilation of the soul nor the positive idea of its eternal blessedness, but simply the going out of desire." It held a

doctrine of rewards and punishments with its concomitant heavens and hells. Indian thought, therefore, held a future for man, "but of how dread an aspect!" Only for a select few was the goal of Nirvana possible, while uncounted millions could look for no better hope than the ceaseless struggle thru shape after shape and body after body in a hopeless quest of an impossibility. Such was the idea of the Hindu faith in the world to come.

The Egyptian of Northern Africa.—More complex, perhaps, than any other doctrine of immortality is that found among the natives of Northern Africa. The people of the Nile valley are strangely related to the doctrine of a future life. Their faith in an after existence stretches back far into the shadows of a grey antiquity. Just how far back it goes is a problem for the historian. We can trace it back some six thousand years. It can be read on the ancient tombs of the oldest dead and found in the prayers carved on the stelæ of the buried priests. "The origin of the belief is beyond us"; but this much is true, the Egyptians were strong believers in a world to come. The terms they employed in connection with the living and the dead are copious and complex. To them, man seems to have been a composite creature. With careful exactness they named his compounded parts, with more carefulness mapped out the nature and destiny of each. Omitting

the confusion of their various terms, we turn to their general conception of the world of the dead. It was spoken of as "The Hall of the Depth," "The Land of Knowledge," "The Friend of Silence" and "The Concealer of the Resting." But, with it all, the world of the dead to the Egyptian was emphatically a realm of life. The departed again and again are called the "living." But their conceptions of the after world were entirely in terms of materialism. Apparantly they were unable to even conceive of spirit. "The Egyptians thought of a concrete personality,—a substantial self continuing in a material form." The soul had its own appropriate body which, if robbed of its needed sustenance, would decay away enfeebled and drift into ultimate destruction. Every phase of their thinking was saturated with materialistic thought. But to the credit of the Egyptians, moral values found rather a prominent place in their system of an after life. The dead man met the Goddess of Justice in the "Hall of Double Truth," to be judged as to the forty-two great forms of sin. A favorable verdict restored to him all that he lost by his death. After this a long process of trials and struggles made up his pathway before he could reach the full promise of the other world. But of the condemned there is a different story. Terms with grave forebodings chill the mind with fear as it is said, "They will sit in everlasting darkness and weep for the water that passes by

them." And so runs the story of the Egyptian's faith in immortality.

The Assyrians and Babylonians.—If the Egyptian made much of the doctrine of a future life, the opposite is true with the Assyrians and Babylonians. And yet these two peoples, with substantially the same tongue, same religion, same culture and same science are, none the less, of great interest to our present investigation. The dreamland vistas of another world but faintly concerned the Babylonian, whose mind was rather more taken up with the present. Their thinkers seemingly had little time for speculation on the problem of an after existence. These peoples lived in the cold, practical world of the present. Their moral sense found relief in the thought that man gets his reward in merit or demerit during his present existence. Goodness was rewarded with strength, prosperity, long life, and the blessing of children; while sickness, defeat, sudden death, and childlessness made up the curse that followed the evildoer. But, with it all, nothing could rob them or rid them of the thoughts of an after world, so they, too, had their system of eschatology. To them the thought of the next world brought sombre shadows. Indistinct thoughts burdened their mind with a vague mist as to the world beyond. Death was looked upon as "The Breaker," "The Judge," "The Enemy." To die was to cease the vigorous

joyful life of the present. But that life continued there was never even a shadow of a doubt. The nature of that next existence was for them a question. However, from the signs found in the dying, they came to think of the world of the dead as the place of "The Weak," "The Home of the Feeble," where souls with pale faces and shadowy forms drearily fluttered about in a strange restlessness. This "Land of No Return" they located in a subterranean cavern, and frequently called it the "House of Darkness." The dead were the "Invisible" or the "Joyless Spirits of the Departed," and the grave was their rest. And yet, "as dreary as were the ideas connected with the grave, to miss it was yet the worst of evils." Thus ran the strain of the Babylonian and Assyrian doctrine of immortality.

The Persians.—Nor was the Persian without his faith in a future life, he too dreamed of a world to come. The unique type of the Persian conception of immortality is indeed quite important. It seems strangely related to the Hebrew mode of thought, and it is true, it has many things in common with the same. Then, too, it is the highest and purest of all early ethnic faiths in this regard. It was, however, a curious mixture of many religions. It seems to have borrowed from polytheism, monotheism, and Judaism,—at least, many suggestions would lead to this conclusion. Their idea of

the dead at places is uncanny and mechanical, but the general tenor of their system is rather a credit to them. The body of the dead they exposed on the mountains, to be food for the birds. But the soul of the dead entered the realm of the unseen. It crossed the "Bridge of Chinvat" into the harrowing experience of a great conflict. "For three days, good spirits and evil, paradise and hell, struggle for the possession of his soul." Then followed a system of reckoning. The conscience of each man was the basis of the Judgment. Here three destinies open out before him. If the good prevails, his path lies on the way to paradise. If the evil prevails, he sinks into Duzakh, an abyss of remorse. If the good and the evil tilt evenly in the balance, he is to be kept in an intermediate state, where it is his to await the decision at the great last day. It is at this point that the eschatology of the Persians reaches beyond the other early ethnic systems. Its underworld may have been as dark and dismal as any other, but its deeper hope looked for the coming of the "Desired Kingdom" when heaven and earth should be one. Such, then, was the doctrine of immortality held by the Persian.

The Grecians.—We turn now to the most modern minded of all the nations of antiquity, —Greece. From this nation came Homer, Pindar, Socrates and Plato,—thinkers that

restlessly grappled with the problem of after existence. The faith of Greece in a future life, however, did not follow the streams of these advanced thinkers to their lofty conclusions. The great masses of common people rather always held to the strains of mythology in their thinking of the life to come. In general, it might be said, that the Homeric idea best represents the faith of Greece as a people.

To the Homeric Greek, life was the bodily, substantial, and material existence of the present world. And for this life he had an unrivalled zest. He was not unmindful of the dread irony of the present world. He knew only too well that fate seemed to heartlessly throw the sons of men from misfortune to misfortune. He saw the cloud that hung over all life—he knew how brief the years of men are. But, with all its calamities and shadows, the throbbing, tangible existence of the present was the satisfactory home of the Greek. Death was looked upon as a vicious enemy stronger than the Gods. To die, to a great degree was to cease to live. Yet death was not the end of man. The Greeks nowhere taught or even suggested any idea of annihilation. At death the soul passed into another world. Their conception of the soul seems to have been a material thing, "apprehensible yet shadowy." It was little more than breath, but was not taken to be either mind or spirit. The abode of the dead was the "House of Hades," here lived its King

and Persephone its dreaded Queen. Deep darkness filled the place. It was a sunless world. A dreary existence made up the lot of the dead. Rivers of hate wound their way thru this abode of oppressive silence and sorrow. Frail poplars with ghostly manœuvres bent and swayed in this everlasting night. "It was a horror even to the Gods themselves." In this lower world everything was unreal. The shadowy spirits were elusive and occupied their endless night with foolish and unmeaning activity. Like dreaming bats they fluttered from place to place unsatisfied and deceived. The moral relations that held sway in the present world seem to have had no place in this murky after existence for the Greek. There was no heaven or hell to break up the monotony of this feeble existence. It was all nothing but the empty echo of what had been or the spent copy of a worn out life. Such in general was the common conception of the Grecian after world. In its later stages it made some steps of progress, but the faith of the masses of people always kept near this level.

From the common conceptions of Grecian immortality we turn to note the work of Plato. In passing I should state that the Eleusinian and Orphis Mysteries played a strong part in the history of this belief in the future world, the former brightened its aspects and the latter moralized it. Then, too, I would mention Pindar, in whom the Greek mind is seen in its deepest religiousness. The things of the future

were often on his lips and he rose majestically above the old Homeric conceptions. Nor could we forget the choice spirit of Socrates in this regard. As he moved toward the solemn curtains of death, he whispered into language those immortal words, "The hour of my departure has arrived, and we go our ways. I go to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows." With a cheerful faith he pushed his way thru the shadows, fully confident of a life to come: for, as he said, "The Gods are not forgetful of a good man." But Plato, the Grecian philosopher, was the Grecian prophet of the eternal. It was he that told of the ideal and sung of a world beyond. The soul's dignity, its vitality, its independence of the body, its divine origin, and its probation, all alike rose to their loftiest strain under the touch of this wonderful genius. He bent the machinery of logic to argue for a life to come. The persistence of the soul was his burning conviction. "The Platonic doctrine was a reasoned affirmation of a future life." It definitely asserted a heaven for the pure and a hell for the damned. It held an intermediate state with processes of penance, discipline, and purification. But its highest hope was only for the philosopher. Gloom hung heavily on the destiny of the non-philosophic. This was the Platonic doctrine of the future life. Much has been said for it, much has been said against it, but still it remains, "The noblest single offering that hu-

man reasoning has yet laid on the altar of human hope."

Later Grecians and Romans.—The later Greek and Roman ideas were indeed far from in keeping with the lofty strains of Plato's faith in a future life. Cicero, the Roman, wavered much in this regard. At one time he said, he would rather believe with Plato and be wrong than believe with those that opposed him and be right. But when facing sorrow, he lost this positive note and passively and vaguely held the conclusion that, "If there is nothing good in death, there is nothing evil." But even this misty faith of Cicero was more than appeared in the great mass of Greek and Latin literature, which belongs to the century before and the century after Christ. During these years poetry and philosophy carried a despondent strain. Death was the "Sleep of Eternal Night." All seemed to have dwindled into a faulty hope or a withering surmise. The land of the dead was little more than the "voiceless silence of the dreamless dust." The faith in an after world burned low and flickered with a doubtful vitality, but it failed to pass away. "The cold criticism of the philosopher, the gay skepticism of the court poet," the sneer of the jester and a thousand other tendencies failed to smother this human hope.

The Hebrews.—Of all the peoples of antiquity there is none, perhaps, of more interest

religiously than the Hebrew. What he did believe, or did not believe, concerning the world of the dead is of no little importance in the history of the doctrine of immortality.

The Christian reads much into the Old Testament that isn't there. Its choice language and precious strains are often precious and choice merely because we read the fuller meaning of a later Christian revelation into them. We take the promise of material things to be the figurative expressions of spiritual values, while the fact of the matter remains, they were no more than material hopes for the Hebrew to whom and for whom they were spoken. This preface, at least, suggests that with all probability modern commentators have read unwarranted ideas into the Hebrew conception of the world beyond. When one turns to the Old Testament to read it in the light of its own day, he is immediately struck with its meager mention of an after existence. The Pentateuch is well-nigh silent on the subject. Later writings add some; but, on the whole, it is noticeably scanty with its treatment of the world of the dead. However, it is not to be concluded that they lacked a system of doctrine for the spirits of their dead. The bare idea of extinction is entirely foreign to the Old Testament teaching. Indeed, there are places when the voice of despair finds expression in terms that are vague, or, for that matter, in terms even

charged with doubt; but these are not characteristic passages. The Hebrew himself, like the Babylonian, had his eye on the present tangible world—here only could he find full, vigorous life. As death meant the removal from the fellowship of the living, it no less seemed the removal from the fellowship of God. And yet death did not end all. The soul was to live on in the world of the dead. In this underworld the dead lived as "shades" in the Nether Parts of the earth. Here was a sorrowful land of silence. "Sheol" was its technical name. Here the soul of man, carrying with it its identity, persisted in its lonely career. Its greatest loss was the loss of fellowship. This shadowy world seemingly gave no place to moral values. Jacob, the friend of God, and those that forget God, both alike find a common destiny in "Sheol," the home of the dead. Such in brief was the early Hebrew conception of the after world.

It is all too true that such a faith was not a very exalted idea, nor did it seem in keeping with the wonderful nation with which it was connected. Critics have urged that some of the ethnic faiths were far superior to that of the Hebrew in this regard. To judge the Hebrew faith by what it was in its mechanical statement might indeed put it far below some of the ethnic systems of thought. But to judge it by its latent possibilities in comparison with such systems tells an altogether different story.

And, indeed, even in the mechanical statements there are loftly reaches here and there that seem like flashes of a better hope. Its high conception of man is unparalleled by any other ethnic systems of thought. But greater than its conception of man was its conception of God. The Hebrew God lived not in the pillars of stone nor in the tombs of the dead, he was the living, breathing maker of the world. He held the seas rocking in his hands and rolled back the heavens as a scroll. He was himself the creator of man and seemed interested in his destiny. Such lofty conceptions of man and of God inevitably assured, sooner or later, a lofty conception of the after world.

The great souls of Israel were not long to be satisfied by the thought of a dismal "Sheol." The ethical sense of the prophets could not long endure a destiny that ignored all moral values. This paved the way for the coming of the Messianic Hope. The exile of the nation shattered the immediate materialistic aspirations of the Hebrew. His faith now leaped out over the centuries and caught a vision of the things that must inevitably come, and he prophesied of the "Day of the Lord." Sheol from this time on was merely considered the temporary dwelling of the dead. A resurrection at the last day was to empty Sheol in the presence of a tribunal of justice. Here the righteous souls were to be rewarded with everlasting life, while those who had done evil were

to be burdened with everlasting contempt. Thus ran the story of the Hebrew faith in immortality.

This, in a general way, brings our history of the doctrine of immortality down to the dawn of the Christian era. A careful review, or, for that matter, a casual review of the foregoing study in the history of man's faith in a future world, reveals two great truths. In the first place, all the peoples of the earth are strong believers in an after world for the dead. Primeval man and modern prophet both alike assert their conviction in this regard. Never a tribe but what has had its seer and prophet of things beyond. It may have been only a happy hunting ground or the transmigration cycles of life, but it is none the less a faith in immortality. What shall we do with such a propensity in the human soul? A propensity that lives even when man seeks to strangle it as the Babylonian or later Grecian did. Nature has no appetite that goes unsatisfied, no tendance without a corresponding goal. Shall man, therefore, be mocked by the deepest yearning of his soul or fooled into annihilation by the shadows of the grave? If that that all humanity, in all ages, has believed and believed in practically the same way,—I say if that is not true, nothing is true. Every truth that life knows, without exception, is acquired in this way and in no other. In the second place, faith in an after world grows stronger and saner with

the progress of civilization. Increase of knowledge does not weaken or deny immortality, but rather lifts it and its interpretation to loftier levels. For this truth one need but compare the early ethnic systems with the later Hebrew conceptions, and in turn the later Hebrew conceptions with the Christian point of view. And indeed even the Christian doctrine of immortality has itself greatly improved. With this significant point of reflection we close our chapter on the history of the doctrine.

Rational Grounds for Faith in Immortality. Man's faith as the product of a rational creature in any doctrine must rest upon rational grounds. If he voluntarily or involuntarily fails to listen to the dictates of reason, he drifts into the peril of superstitious fanaticism. Faith and reason are not mutually exclusive, but rather necessarily interwoven. It is true that faith often reaches beyond the confines of human reason, for inherently "we believe where we cannot prove,"—where reason stops, faith begins. But this much is also true, the pillars of all our faith must rest very largely upon rational grounds. If now, therefore, we are to assert our faith in a future life, it is for us to state our grounds for such a "Credo."

Philosophy.—Man's rational nature requires him to account for all the phenomena of the universe by ultimate causes. His faith in life, death, and immortality depend largely upon

what he considers to be ultimate reality. His philosophy, therefore, to a great degree, determines whether he shall or shall not believe in a life to come. If he is a materialist, he is little concerned with the future existence of individual personality. If he is a dualist, he may or may not have a definite conception of immortality. If he is an idealist, he is for the most part committed to the probability of future existence.

The philosophy of materialism is at present a waning system of thought. Its staggering fallacies have been brought to the light. Its staunch defenders are either growing wise or dying off. This system held ultimate reality to be the eternal content of matter and gave no proper place to mind and personality. Such a conception manifestly could make no affirmations relative to further existence. The passing of the materialist, therefore, is rather a tacit affirmation of the philosophy that makes personal immortality a thing of great concern. The philosophy of dualism still remains, for the most part, a hazy debate upon the probability or possibility of the interaction of the "thing series" with the "thought series." It has always failed to carry the "thought series" as far as the question of another life. The philosophy of the twentieth century more and more is coming to be the note of thorogoing idealism. And, further than that, it is the idealism of the personalistic school. This sys-

tem of thought is free from the dead world of materialism and far removed from the misty fog of the dualistic debate. It represents the loftiest stream of modern thinking. It lives in the crystal clear sunlight of personality. In the experience of personality it finds the key to all the phenomenal world. The soul, as a free moral agent, it finds a cogent force in the universe. It is this subtle power that stretches its sceptre out over the world of matter and penetrates the psychical realms of mystery. Personality is not the product of the brain, but the creator of it. As Immanuel Kant proclaimed, "It is not explained by the categories of thought, but is itself the explanation of the categories." The tangible world of the "sense-bound" mind is illusory, vague, phenomenal and unreal. Ultimate reality is not to be found in things, as they are but the phenomenal expression of a backlying noumenal world. Reality is to be found in the experience of personality. This brings us to the conclusion that the physical body is not analytically necessary for existence. Personality as a harper plays on the instrument of physical strings. The physical harp is necessary for physical expression, but does not determine the existence or non-existence of the harper. Thus the loftiest streams of modern thought clearly suggest the continued existence of personality. It is true, it offers no laboratory demonstration of life after death, but it does argue with pressing force

the possibility and indeed the probability of such a conclusion. Thus, then, the run of modern philosophy rather favors* faith in a life to come.

The scientific world offers little, if anything, to the discussion of immortality. It is, however, no longer dogmatically inclined to deny validity to this surging hope of the human soul. Its own unfathomed worlds of mystery urge it to play the part of an agnostic in this regard. That there is a world beyond it does not know, it lacks demonstration of such a fact. But that man shall live again it dare not deny. If it cannot prove it, it is equally true it cannot disprove it. It offers, however, affirmative suggestions in the statement of its law of the conservation† of energy. The argument would run on this wise, forces of energy can neither be created nor destroyed. Individual personality is a force of energy. Therefore, individual personality shall not pass away, but with a possible changing in form shall live forever. As for the so-called scientific marvels of modern spiritualism, little need be said, ex-

* The fact in the matter is that most, if not all, of the leading thinkers of to-day are committed to some faith in immortality. "In the second place philosophy proves the immortality of the soul. . . . . Nay, even ordinary honesty and the existence of civil society could not be secured without such a faith." ("Evolution of Theism." Paulsen.)

"Thru religion . . . . . our mortal lives are endowed with the prospects of immortality." ("The Will as Maker of Truth." Dr. Hocking.)

† "It is not conceivable that a psychical life should absolutely perish." ("Pantheism and Religion," Paulsen.)

cept that it is not yet quite clear, to those with only average imaginations, just how the strange experiments of a shadowy séance can in any way be set forth as proof of an after world. Communication with the world of the dead is as yet far removed from an established fact. The world of science, then, in no way definitely denies the possibility of man's immortality.

Rational Possibilities.—We turn now to take up the question of life and immortality and to test it by the simple requirements of rational possibilities. In the first place we face the question whether the present order is to forever continue in this same routine. Is it rational to suppose that the tireless streams of humanity will forever wind their way thru the blindfolded channels of the present life? Is the world forever to remain the stage for the gruesome tragedy of evil? Is sin forever to tantalize the weary souls of men with no other motive but to curse and damn? Is the fearful inequality of the present order to forever hold its own? Must righteousness forever struggle in the strangle hold with evil? Are the moaning tides of death to forever sweep away the souls of men? Is the heartless grave to forever cast its shadow on the longing hopes of humanity? Can the grinding machinery of such a world forever continue with its irrational program of injustice and folly? Is life but the riding of wooden horses that dizzily gallop about to the

tune of a passing "Hurdie-Gurdie"? Is God running a grand "Merry-Go-Round" with nothing to try for but a gambler's chance on a brass ring? If this life is all there is to the story of man, if this is his beginning and his ending, then life and the universe are alike irrational.

If, however, life and the universe are alike rational, and the present order is to forever continue, we are definitely driven to the conclusion that there must be another order somewhere beyond the silence of the grave to satisfy the rational demands of a rational universe. This alternative would warrant with strong grounds a vigorous faith in the immortality of man.

But that the present order shall forever continue still remains a question. That it should seems inconceivable to man. That it should seems inconsistent with man's conception of God. Is God making people merely for the sake of making them? Is He to continue the process forever? Is the perfection of the universe to be forever retarded by a world of sinning men? To all such questions we must answer that the backlying ground and intelligence of the world works by an "eternal purpose." If by a purpose, then by a plan. And if by a plan, there must be a consummation. Then some day a world of sinning men will remain only as the memory of a stage of preparation in the well worked out plan of the

ages. The present order will sooner or later cease to be. Nor is this conclusion unwarranted by the facts of science. This field of investigation tells us that the sun is cooling in proportion to its enormous expenditure of energy. It prophesies that the earth will ultimately become little more than an inanimate frozen mass. It shall then cease to be the natural home of man and the present order shall be no more. We, therefore, conclude that the continuance forever of the present system is a rational impossibility.

Having settled, then, that the present order shall not forever remain, we naturally face the question whether the end of the present order shall also mean the end of man. Is the world of personality and the world of matter both alike to be ultimately swept into complete annihilation? Is it rational to suppose that all creation is hastening to a destiny of nothingness? Is the author of creation a consummate fool "blowing soap bubbles," only to see them burst in space? Is he a silly puppet making mud pies and mud worlds to please a foolish fancy? Will the promise of better things never come to its fulfillment? Will the final finish of all be but an idiotic God sitting alone in a timeless and spaceless world with nothing left but the haunting memories of smashing worlds and famishing personality? If so, the universe is a grand farce unworthy of the thought of noble men. But the world is rational, otherwise

there could be no science and knowledge would be impossible. Then, too, order and design are evident on every hand. God is far from a fool and He knows not the ways of the silly. His infinite wisdom breathes over all creation, and the product of such intelligence was not born to die in its infancy. We therefore conclude that this proposition, which would end the story of man with the close of the present order, is unwarranted and unreasonable.

Having settled, therefore, in the first place, that the present order shall not forever continue as it is, and, in the second place, that everything shall not forever pass away, we are left to a rational choice between the immortality of matter or the immortality of personality. Is it rational to suppose that the phenomenal world of matter shall forever remain while the world of personality shall one day cease to be?

Rob the world of man and what is left? Of what conceivable value is the phenomenal world of matter apart from man? It is an irrational order if men and women are created without any purpose or object, merely to live, then die, —it is irrational, I say, if, in the course of time, the whole human race is to be snuffed out and nothing remain here or elsewhere of body or soul, while stars, worlds, and meteors keep whirling and circling thru space as tho man never really existed.

We now face the only remaining possibility in relation to the world, life, and immortality,

—namely, that personality shall forever remain. The phenomenal world of matter may pass away, or, for that matter, may endure, but a rational interpretation of the universe demands the immortality of personality. In it alone the thoughtful of all races have unanimously found life's greatest values. "What know we greater than the soul?" The thinker must ever remain greater than the thoughts he thinks. The phenomenal world finds its reality in its relation to the thinking mind—and this thinking mind, wrapped up in personality, must live on long after the wreckage of the world of things. Greater than all the worlds, than all the stars, than all the planets, as they circle thru infinite space, is the personality that thinks and feels, that loves and longs, that does and wills—it is the crowning feature of creation and the sparkling treasure of the infinite. It bears the seal of the eternal and shall never pass away. "If God is, He cares; if He cares, He cares for personality." No further warrant is necessary for a vigorous faith in the immortality of man. By no stretch of rational consistency can skepticism smother this human hope. The sun may burn out, the stars may darken and the earth may freeze; but personality will live on beneath the smile of the eternal, as the treasured gem of creation.

That man shall live on long after his present body has decomposed and vanished away re-

mains the undying faith of humanity. This is more rational, by far, than any faith that would end the story of man with the sorrows of the grave. If death is the final end of man and the grave his noblest destiny, reason and intelligence are but the fanciful fixtures of folly, the dreamland of mockery and deception. Poor finite humanity doesn't construct the ships of the sea and laden them with rich cargoes only to sail them out into shipwreck and destruction. Shall, therefore, the intelligent builder of the universe construct the marvelous microcosm of man, with the costly cargo of all his faculties and powers, fitted and freighted with unlimited possibilities, only to sail him off into the harbor of shipwreck and ruin? The dignity of creation seems a well-grounded affirmation of a future life for man. Indeed, the present seems but a chapter in a longer and fuller life.

That we know comparatively nothing of another world is no argument against its existence. An unborn child knows nothing of its coming years, but this argues no case against the fact of its coming life. A blue glass can never reflect a red light. Nor can finite man with his finite life reflect infinite man with infinite life. It is true, however, that red thru a blue glass remains distinctly different from its white background. In like manner man is able to see in the longings of his soul the outline of some reality quite different from the routine background of the physical world. The

blue glass needs only to be lifted to add color and fullness to the reality now so faintly seen. "To understand life we must be born, to understand immortality we must die."

But does it still seem strange that man will live forever? Should the masterpiece of creation wilt and die away like the fading flower? Should the soul with its long reaches for a deathless world make its final home in the dreamless dusk of the lifeless tomb? Is it to forever yearn for immortality and never feel the power of an endless life? If it seems strange that man shall live forever, is it no less strange that man should ever live at all? If man lives at all in a rational universe, there are reasons for his existence; and, if ever there was a reason for the existence of personality, is there not every reason under the shining stars why that existence should continue? For what cause should it stop? The soul in all ages has dictated a faith in a future world. Would it be rational to disregard such a persistent human conviction? The thought of immortality, along with the thought of God and the thought of the soul ever remain the "three ideas"* whose validity practical reason will never cease to affirm.

And yet the faith of man in another life does not ultimately depend upon syllogistic formulas. We are better believers in immortality

* Immanuel Kant.

than we can give grounds for. Even Mark Twain says, "I have never seen an atom of proof for another life—yet I am strongly inclined to expect one." The real evidence is too subtle, or is higher than we can write down in propositions. "We do not believe in immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it." Man does not believe in the next world like he does in London or Boston, it's a different faith that grips him. Man believes in immortality because he cannot really believe in anything else. The unabridged statement of the fact can be no plainer put than, man believes it because he believes it. The sun shines because its nature will not allow it to do otherwise. In like manner, the soul of man builds on a faith in a future world. "His dissatisfaction with any other solution is the blazing evidence of immortality." He is born for a higher destiny than the earth, he is built for the spaceless and timeless world of eternity. "He feels his immortality oversweep all pains, all time, all fears,—and peal, like the eternal thunders of the deep, into his ears this truth, thou livest forever!" He seems strangely confident of an endless life. There is something thrilling and exalting in the thought that he is drifting forward into a splendid mystery, into something that no mortal eye has yet seen, no intelligence yet disclosed. He remains once and for all a citizen of a future world. If there were no future life,

his soul would not thirst for it. For "we cannot believe it is given to man to have thoughts and hopes higher than the real truth of things."*

The Doctrine of Immortality, Its Ethical Considerations.—Man is a moral creature. However it came about, whether we like it or not, he is governed by a certain sense of right and wrong relations. Life involves great moral questions, the right settlement of which determines the real meaning of living. And perhaps no question in this regard is more vital to man than the question of a future life. It is an ethical problem of no mean proportions.

Man's moral nature turns to the hope of immortality as the staggering need of the world. One need but see the seething tide of humanity in its restless toil and tireless activity to understand its throbbing need. Must humanity forever grind out its weary existence in such a soul-crushing routine? Is there no rest nor peace after a lifetime of strenuous struggle? After everything has run its course, will humanity have nothing to show for its aches, its pains, its hopes, and all its honest toil? Has this ordered world with its rational program no nobler destiny, no higher aim than to culminate in absolutely nothing? Is the human race struggling tooth and nail to reach a destiny of complete annihilation? Would such a conclu-

* Sir Oliver Lodge.

sion to the story of humanity be worthy of a moral God, or would it be in keeping with the moral demands of human nature?

Then, again, if death ends all, present-day righteousness remains but a weak protest to evil. The right seems tangled up with all the wrong. Lofty thought is pushed about by the dreams of baser imaginations. Kind deeds are marred by the sudden rise of temper. Helpful words are choked back by a boastful self-assertion. The soul in its homesickness for holiness is touched by the finger of sensuous passion, and then, in a moment of ill-considered action, is flung aside to carry the scars and marks of an evil deed. "When we would do good, evil is present." Must this crippled righteousness forever remain? Is there no victory for humanity in its ceasless struggle with the wrong? Will the moral nature of God be forever satisfied with this weak excuse for thorogoing righteousness? Must there not sometime, somewhere, be a righteous world for the millions who have labored and struggled for the same?

If man stops at the grave, then there are wrongs never righted. Injustice makes up no little part of the world's activities. The libertine sells the flower of virtue for the filth of coin. Evil men traffic in the byways of purity and ruthlessly trample on forbidden ground. Sensuous monsters, with their base passion, spoil innocence and mock the sacredness of motherhood. The strong take advantage of the weak

and the rich make merchandise of the poor. Captains of industry fill up their coffers with the gold that is wrung from the poor man's brow, and leave him to struggle along in the pinches of poverty. Noble souls are fooled by the scheming deceivers abroad in the world. Red-faced saloon keepers daily dealt out their damnation to the world, in spite of broken-hearted mothers earnestly pleading for a justified revenge. A change has come for the better, but the scars of the past will continue to remain. War Lords, driven by greedy ambitions, murder the honest sons of toil on the bloody field of battle. Such is life's strange routine. But, if man stops at the grave, if death alike is the reward of all, if righteousness and unrighteousness, if sobriety and debauchery, if virtue and infamy, and all alike come to the common destiny of death, then, sir, it is to be fearlessly asserted that God's moral nature is a perverted figment of shallow imagination, and God stands a moral degenerate in a non-ethical world. Somewhere, sometime, life's burning inequalities and stinging injustice must be balanced and rectified. This "somewhere" the soul of man finds in the thought of its own immortality. For this immortality it finds a warrant in its conception of the moral nature of its maker. Further life for man, then, is the rational and ethical solution to the present problem of the present life.

If moral demands are concerned with the

wide-spread inequalities in life, they ought not to be silent on the brevity and incompleteness of life. Think of the uncounted thousands, who by accident or otherwise are cut down in the very flower of their days, unable to finish the life they began. This makes life seem a "comedy to him who thinks, and a tragedy to him who feels." Indeed, we often feel that "we are such stuff as dreams are made of." Great souls, in whose bosom lie treasures that would bless the world, are cut off in the promising splendor of a great career. The span of life seems too short for the long reaches of our souls, but death puts in its sickle and reaps a harvest before our threescore years and ten. Our ideals remain forever unattained, and the grave finds us and our work alike unfinished, and puts us with the dead. Our dreams of perfection on which our souls feed seem little more than air castles as we near the house of silence. A haunting sense of incompleteness hangs over all our life. If man stops at the grave, life remains forever incomplete. But a moral God in a rational world stands a warrant for a further life for man. That that he has begun he must complete, he cannot be the author of unfinished things nor allow injustice to continue. This promise finds expression in a faith in things to come. And this faith lights up the shadows of the world. "The woof of life is dark, but it is shot with a warp of gold."

Then, too, faith in immortality is an ethical

need for the present life. He that lives to live forever alone most truly lives. "Life is real, life is earnest" only to him who looks beyond. "Life like the waters of the seas freshens only when it ascends heavenward." "Everything that looks to the future elevates human nature." The thought of a world beyond quickens the loftiest reaches of the soul. Then it makes a difference to the present life whether man believes in one to come. If he holds a faith in a future world, he lives a life worth living. This gives us strong grounds for a faith in immortality. What satisfies our ethical life in a rational and ethical world must be true. And perhaps nothing fully satisfies our ethical life more than a faith in a continued existence.

Nor are we without ethical grounds for man's faith in immortality. The moral nature of man demands a future life to balance up life's burning inequalities. It calls for a world of righteousness beyond the tides of time. It refuses to disbelieve in a life to come, for this hope seems as deep as life itself. To mistrust this is to mistrust all. Sometime, somewhere, right must prevail. Sometime, somewhere, sin must be no more. It is the deepest strain of the moral nature of man that sings:—

"Somewhere the sun is shining,
  Somewhere the song birds dwell;
Hush then thy sad repining,
  God lives and all is well.

Somewhere the day is longer,
Somewhere the task is done,
Somewhere the heart is stronger
Somewhere the guerdon won.

Somewhere the load is lifted,
Close by an open gate;
Somewhere the clouds are rifted,
Somewhere the angels wait."

Nothing short of a full, vigorous life in the world to come will satisfy the moral nature of man. If, then, there is no beyond, life is manifestly a big cheat and man is put to scorn by the best he knows. If, then, there is no beyond, the moral order of the world remains but the hazy dream of deluded souls, and a non-ethical world wearily grinds out its non-ethical program with

"Right forever on the scaffold
And wrong forever on the throne."

Man's moral nature remains once and for all the full warrant for the moral nature of God. If God lives in the world, he lives in the personality of the world of men. If man is to find God, he must find him in the highest reaches of the soul,—here lies the deepest strain of life. What God is we see by the best in man. The best in man is tangled up in his moral sense of right and wrong. If man, then, is a moral creature, God must be no less. The moral nature of man demands immortality of the soul,

nothing else will satisfy. One step further, and we pillar our faith in another life of the moral nature of God. "What fails to satisfy man is hardly likely to satisfy man's Maker." If, then, the best in man yearns for a fuller life in a better world, surely the best in God will not mock noble aspirations, and fling man into the silence of forgetfulness. The moral nature of God bespeaks the promise of another life for man.

As for the nature of the future life we are left to understand "in part"—at present we must see thru a glass darkly. Nevertheless, ethical considerations give us some positive ground on which to stand. Moral demands reveal the folly of some of the non-ethical theories concerning the nature of the future life, and thereby mark out more clearly the possible nature of the life beyond. For a moment, then, we turn to this phase of the problem.

The theory that man lives on only in his influence when put to the ethical test seems grossly lacking. That man does live on in his influence is a burning truth, the validity of which rational thought can never question. The parent lives on in the thoughts and characteristics of his offspring. The words we speak carry their immortal influence down thru the streams of time. The world is a different world because we have lived, nor can it ever be the same again. Choice spirits live on in the life

and temperament of their followers. Indeed, in this sense all the dead forever live. But to reward man with no other life than this seems an empty return for all his strenuous struggle and earnest endeavor. It sounds well when spoken of in connection with the men who have had a chance at heroism and made good, but the "Submerged Tenth" and life's common masses tell a different story. In this it fails to meet the ethical test. And then, too, it leaves us to face the fact that the evil lives on as well as the good, or, rather, lives on more than the good for "The evil that men do lives after them, but the good is often interred with their bones." But, more than all else, this theory fails because it is not the catholic faith of the ages, it is rather opposed to the same. Man must put great confidence in the catholic beliefs of humanity, for a moral God would not allow all mankind to persistently continue to blunder in faith. That that opposes these fundamental faiths must be wrong.

The theory of social immortality seems quite prevalent in our day and generation. The immortality of man is found in the immortality of society, the individual is lost in the group. This is backed by motives exceedingly commendable for their self-sacrifice and willingness to serve. It is concerned with the world of the present and leaves the thought of another world to take care of itself. It seems all right at times, but, when it meets the cold realities

of life, it seems ethically insufficient. A social worker, when questioned concerning another life, waved it aside by saying, "I want the Kingdom to come now." And for this he labored vigorously. But, "before the year was over, the tireless brain was still and the laid out plans were left for other hands to carry out." He went down into the silence, fooled by the present world he served. The underlying fallacy in this theory of the immortality of society finds expression in "The fallacy of the universal." That is, there is no such thing as society in the world, only individual men exist. It is not the group that exists, but the individual. Then, too, this theory presupposes that the world is to continue substantially the same forever, which assumption is contrary to the best informed scientific circles. The idea of social immortality is but the shallow makeshift for thorogoing personal immortality.

Closely akin to the foregoing is the idea of immortality in the evolutionary sense. We die, having served the forward march of humanity as a stepping-stone to greater things. Here we are reminded of the uncounted thousands of individuals in the animal world who go down in the struggle. The survival of the fittest claims the day. So it is urged by some that man must in like manner follow the same law. That this is so we do not know, much may be said pro and con. But this much we do know. In a rational and ethical world rational and

ethical principles must be respected. If, then, the summit of human achievement is to one day blossom in a race of perfect men with endless life, an ethical God must sometime, somewhere, reward the uncounted millions who went down in the struggle of blood and toil to make such an achievement possible. Anything short of this remains beneath the dignity of an ethical God. It comes, then, to this, that evolutionary immortality tacitly implies a genuine personal immortality.

Positive convictions as to the nature of a future life are possible only to him who holds a royal faith in the moral order of the world. Aside from such a faith, we are left to mere conjecture as to whether right or wrong shall prevail in the life to come. But the moral nature of man makes him a strong believer in the moral order of the world. The nature, then, of that future life must be in keeping with the dictates of a moral order. In that world to come the incompleteness of the present existence must find a fuller life, a richer life, a better life. In that world to come the burning inequalities of the present must forever cease to be. And in that world to come the lofty reaches of the human soul must find the realization of their towering idealism. We hope for eternal life, not merely for reward, but more rather for a chance to make good the promise of our latent possibilities. And, indeed, perhaps no ethical grounds are to be found

for a faith in the immortality of the soul stronger than those found in the range of its powers and capacities. "This* subtle intellect which makes its pathway among the stars, this sense of righteousness which is capable of rising to such lofty heights, this royalty of will-power which can defy all pressure that is brought to bear, this immeasurable capability of sympathy and affection—does it not show that man's soul has connections with the infinite, that it was formed for an immortal career?" The argument is legitimate, but it argues only for the immortality of some souls. It offers much to all who are in the way to realize their better† possibilities, but to the degenerate it brings nothing but a shroud of misgivings, and offers no hope or promise. This much is true, then, that ethical considerations warrant a faith in the righteousness and sobriety of the future life. "That a moral God should deem it fitting to grant unceasing opportunity for growth or confirmation in badness is not capable of proof on rational or ethical grounds." But that unceasing opportunity for growth in goodness is something entirely in keeping with the moral nature of a Divine Sovereign—this is not even to be questioned. If, then, man is to live again, it shall be a life in the lofty heights of spiritual goodness and in the unfad-

* Dr. Sheldon's "Systematic Theology."

† See "Winning of Immortality" (Frederic Palmer). "One life is given us; another may be acquired."

ing splendor of moral righteousness. There is mighty little that can be said about the future destiny of those that aim to develop no spiritual qualifications. These shall not even see life, says Jesus.

The Doctrine of Immortality, Its Religious Considerations.—The logic of religion is the logic of the heart.* It speaks in terms of feeling, emotion, and spiritual consciousness. Nor is it to be gathered from such a preface that such a logic is other than trustworthy. Indeed, it is in this field above all others that humanity finds its greatest convictions. And no less true is it with regard to man's faith in immortality. If man believes in a future life upon rational or ethical grounds, it remains but a theory for mental satisfaction. But, if man believes in a future life upon religious grounds, it stands an irresistible conviction—a living certainty in his life. We turn, then, to the religious considerations of the doctrine of the soul's immortality.

Tangled in the meshes of a common fabric, religion and faith in immortality have always been two lofty conceptions, like two mountain peaks living in the pure atmosphere of the same level. It was so in the grey dawn of early

* "The heart and fancy rebel against a philosophy that leaves no room for faith and poetry." The most sublime reaches of human life transcend the hide bound rigidness of mechanical logic.

antiquity, and so it still remains. A faith* that speaks of God must dream of endless life. The "life of God in the soul of man" seems to be the source of man's conception of a future life. If, then, religion is the spring of immortality, in this realm we should discover the dawning streams of that gleaming hope. Faint flashes of it illumine the religions of the past. It can be seen in the Hindu's reach for the bliss of Nirvana, it can be read in the immortal tombs of the Egyptian dead, it was the unwelcomed faith of the materialistic Babylonian and Assyrian, it was the throbbing expectation of the Persian Seer, and to the Greek it was the shadowy land of no-return, but to all alike it remained an undying hope of another life. But, as the mountains tower o'er the tops of the hills, the Christian religion majestically lifts her transparent faith high above the loftiest strains of all pagan hopes, and lights the world with the promise of an endless day. It is to this faith, then, that we turn our last chapter on the question of another life.

Christianity's contribution to the doctrine of immortality now remains the treasured gem of a hopeful world, man feels a certainty† about

* "The horror of annihilation moves the heart to throw itself upon an eternal and suprareal being that is not subject to destruction."—Frederick Paulsen.

"There are, at least, times when all that is earthly and ephemeral seems mean and insignificant, when he (man) is seized with a longing for the eternal and imperishable."

† The progress of thought strengthens rather than weakens man's faith in immortality.

the things to come. When the first streaks of the Christian era brought their light to the darkness of a Roman world, man's faith in a future life but dimly burned,—it had all but gone out. Nor did the quiet beginning of the Galilean preacher bid fair to save this human hope. But in this quiet beginning he lighted fires that were later to kindle all the world. When he spoke of the things to come, he made them live beyond all question. Hear him thunder of a coming wrath and listen to him plead with the wicked to forsake his way. Week after week, month after month, he tells a hopeless world of life eternal—everywhere they followed him, yearning to know more about a life beyond the grave, until at last the hope that flickered dimly flashed with a newborn splendor to light the darkness of the world. Christianity brought to life this dying hope.

Nor was the revived faith in a future life entirely like the old. It had lost its negative attitude. It turned away from the dismal shadows of a lonely Sheol where the dead live merely because they could not die. It turned to the positive conviction that the future held for man nothing but the realization of his noblest aspiration. Death meant but the beginning of a fuller experience of "Eternal Life." Man began to think of a life here in terms of preparation for a life to come. The burning hope of another world everywhere gripped the faith of men. It sent men to the uttermost

parts of the earth to tell of the power of an endless life. The city of God got tangled in the souls of men and kept them dreaming of Elysian fields beyond the tides of time. Under its spell seers prophesied while great souls leaped to vigorous life and moved the world. The golden watchword of fruitful living the Christian found in his thought of heaven and its endless bliss. This gleaming ideal became the everlasting real "by which Christianity is changing the world."

But, if Christianity definitely breathed a new life and meaning into the doctrine of a future life, it did something more, it pillared that faith on great principles of ever increasing strength. It made personality and its intrinsic value so great that nothing short of endless existence would satisfy rational and ethical demands. It made it plain that to gain the whole world and lose personality would be a poor bargain, even for a God. This choice gem of creation must never cease to be. Christianity came that it might have life, and that more abundantly. And it was for the redemption of this that a Christ came forth to live and die. The Christian estimate of personality remains a strong buttress for a faith in immortality.

Then, too, the Christian estimate of God lends strong support to man's faith in a future life. The Hebrew conception of God far outtopped any or all of the ethnic conceptions with their tribal Gods and local myths. To the

Hebrew, God was a living, breathing personality, the creator of the world and the maker of man. He was a spirit not to be limited by time or space. Amos tells us of His moral law; Hosea with a bleeding heart tells us of His love; Isaiah tells of His sovereign will and strikes the key of faith; Jeremiah, the weeping son of Jerusalem, tells us God communes with men; while Ezekiel and the other prophets, all in their turn add their contribution to the understanding of their God. But Christianity swept away the rubbish and left unveiled the revelation of a God greater than the loftiest conception of the Hebrew. He remains all that the prophets found Him out to be, but He is more than that. He stands the deepest obligated being in the whole universe. He stands forever pledged to see the world ethically readjusted and morally righteous. He will pay the price at any cost, He must see things thru to the finish. Christianity brought God nearer to the sons of men, and gave the world a God who cares,—a God who, thru the noise of sputtering meteors and the sweeping whirl of passing planets earnestly listens to a blind man's earnest prayer; a God who makes his way over the sunburned road in the heat of day, to soothe the sorrow of a home at Bethany; a God who everywhere pleads with the harlot to forsake her way and sin no more; a God who willingly toils in the field of humanity to harvest the souls of redemption; but, greater

than all, a God with a father's heart,—a heart that beats and throbs with a father's love,—a love that sends him open-armed to meet the wayward boy; a love that forgives far beyond all measure and calls for the best robe and the fatted calf; a great love that sends Him out over the mountain thru the peril of a stormy night to find even one lost sheep. Does not such a concern on the part of God argue for the immortality of man? Did ever a father yet delight in the death of his offspring? How inconsistent with fatherhood is the thought that the children perish. By what possible stretch of imagination can God be justified if he fashions the sons of men only to have them die? Then, too, if, after all, we shall some day be no more, why should God waste His time to ponder on the ways of men. But the fatherhood of God stands forever the full warrant of another life, for His love never faileth, nor leaveth His children to die. That which God has made and for which He continually cares ought not to perish from His sight.

The question of the resurrection of Christ naturally claims a place in any study of the immortality of the soul. Critics have waged ceaseless warfare on this question. Skeptics have piled up their contempt for such a faith. But the doctrine still lives. It seems closely akin to the heart of the Christian program. "The faith that has conquered the world has

been a faith in a risen Jesus." That there are legitimate questions in this realm we do not deny, but they are questions of the method and never of the fact. Theories we may have of the resurrection of Jesus, but the fact is beyond legitimate denial. To question the fact would be to question Christianity, for both records are equally trustworthy. "No sober critic doubts that at the basis of all the reports there lies a cold solid fact." However it is to be construed, this must remain forever true, that something happened on the third day that changed discouraged men and fleeing disciples into flaming prophets and world conquerors. At any rate, that Jesus rose from the dead remained the undying conviction and burning faith of those who ought to know. Everywhere they preached it and everywhere it met with ready response. Down thru nineteen centuries it blazed its way as the distinguishing mark of the Christian faith. If a fact,—and a fact it seems to be,—it stands forever a laboratory demonstration of the immortality of the good. In the language of the heart Christianity adds that "Jesus lives, and, because he lives, we shall live also."

We have not been extravagant in our claims for the resurrection of Christ in its relation to the doctrine of another life, for we are well aware of the common blunders at this point. To be lost in the glories of the resurrection of Christ is great, but to be lost in such a rapture at the expense of rational consistency is not so

great. The sweep of eloquence not infrequently leads otherwise earnest teachers to voice unwarranted assertions as to the place and importance of the resurrection of the Christ. With the air of unquestioned accuracy they blurt out that "everything stands or falls with this fact." If this is proven false, they tell us, man stands with no grounds for a faith in a life to come. They forget that man believes in immortality because he cannot believe otherwise. They forget that man looked for a future life long before the dawn of the Christian era. The resurrection of Christ is not the birth of the doctrine of immortality, it is but the fuller interpretation of the same. It did not prove it true or false, it was not meant to be an experiment to test the validity of a questionable hypothesis. It merely reinforced a faith already known to man.

But perhaps no more vital ground can be found for a faith in immortality than man's settled sense of filial relationship with his Maker. "Out of this* ground the inference rises spontaneously that He who has infinite fullness of life in Himself will not consign to corruption and nothingness those whom He owns in the tender relation of Children." This subtle sense of communion with God constantly looks away thru the shadows and clouds of earth to a home beyond the skies. "It is heaven itself that

* Dr. Sheldon's Theology.

points out an hereafter, and intimates eternity to man." Man's faith, as the child of the Infinite, aspires to immortality as the compass turns its needle to the north. Out in that undiscovered country, far beyond the shadows of the tomb lies the life for which the soul of man was made. Its magnetic field reaches out over all our life and attracts the soul to its embrace. Man as a spiritual and religious creature looks for a life to come.

The Doctrine of Immortality, Concluding Thoughts.—The end of our study brings us to the question that prompted its beginning. "If a man die, shall he live again?" Reason finds no grounds to deny an affirmative answer. A preponderance of evidence, rational, ethical and religious remains a strong warrant for man's faith in a life to come. The soul is ever murmuring over to man its strange melody, "Thou shalt never die." He hears it whispered among the flowers and feels its breath in all the trees. It is suggested by the dying seed and the golden grain. The Book of all books paints its truth in the glories of the Christian faith. Nothing can rob man of this conviction. It seems forever tangled up in the fabric of the soul. Deny immortality validity, and the idea of our existence becomes little more than the costly embroidery on the shroud of the dead. The soul refuses to forever die! It looks thru the shadows and follows the lure of another life,

a fuller life, a more perfect life. It is tied up with the eternal. It fears nothing. In the deepening shades of skepticism it listens to the whispers of another world. It stands on the brink of the tomb and with a royal faith in a living God murmurs its confidence in those immortal words*:—

> "I know not where his Islands lift
> Their fronted palms in air,
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond his love and care."

This immortal impulse burns in every soul. The pagan child mourning the lost of her kindly father wends her way by midnight to the new-made grave. She sobs aloud, "Father lives, he is too good to die." There you have it! The pagan child crowded into language the truth that burned within her. It is the soul that cries, "That that's good can never die." A rational world and a rational God demand the eternity of goodness. If death stabs the noble and the good, the right and the wrong, all alike with no promise but annihilation, there can be no God. If goodness has its destiny in putrefying dust, justice is a mockery on the thought of heaven. The triumph of righteousness will have its day, it's the sworn pledge of the eternal. Death cannot end it all.

Man shall live again, faith demands it. This

* Whittier's Poem.

strange faculty that feels its way out into the unseen breathes with the thought of an endless life. It moves into the gathering darkness of death's shadows in a princely way. It quickens the soul of man and fans into a living fire the conviction that he was not born to die. It reaches thru the veil of mist and feels the tides of eternal life. At an open grave its challenge is the hope of triumph, "O death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" It has implicit faith in the God who made it. And, when life has run its course and eventide has come, it dreams its way back into the arms of the eternal with the lofty strains of Tennyson's

"Sunset and Evening Star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless Deep
Turns again Home.

Twilight and Evening Bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark:
For tho from out our bourn of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

CHAPTER II

HUMAN FREEDOM AND CHOICE

The theory of mechanism or predestination, that would attempt to explain the meaning of the world on an abstract basis runs about on this wise. Man grows up a victim of two forces: namely, inherent and inherited tendencies on the one hand, and on the other he is a victim of circumstances and invironment. He does nothing and can do nothing except that which these forces compel him to do. If he becomes a criminal, he is construed to be a product of a criminal blood strain; if he becomes a genius, it is to be explained on the same basis,—neither deserves credit or blame, for it could not have been helped. Whether a man works hard or wastes his life and time, he is neither to be praised nor censured, for the simple reason that all is set and determined for him and he determines nothing. Life is a cut-and-dried proposition, with every last detail mapped out and arranged,—a mechanical process that knows neither variation nor deviation; actions, feelings and all, are merely the prearranged grinding of a cogwheel system that continues because it cannot do otherwise, a grinding program that for no reason or cause simply keeps on going—forced to do so because

some one has wound up the spring that keeps it agoing. For instance, on April the 7th, 1921, President Wilson and Congress, as cogs in the machine, finally come around to the place where certain neurotic manœuvres of the molecules in their brain produced a paper by these inexorable demands, which, according to the same laws, kick up a sensation in the world which is known to the world as another little cog that America has declared war on the German nation. It could not have come sooner or later, for just as it came it was determined, fixed, cut and dried by necessity.

Even in the case of man attempting to reason against free will and human choice, he is simply performing a little mechanical procedure that he cannot get out of, the wheels have turned to the point and the noise is made. Life is but a Punch and Judy show controlled by springs and strings, a hobby horse performance without meaning, but which there is no other alternative but to follow. This theory as an interpretation of life may be credited with an exactness in precision, but this is all that can be said for the same; for it, human experience is to be determined by nothing more or nothing less than internal and external stimuli, a process, which, if a man stood equidistant between two dinners with equal stimuli on both sides would make him stand there till he starved to death. By inheritance a man is impelled to act in certain ways whenever a new event crosses in

his pathway. By such a method one may easily sit at the fireside and abstractly explain all that is in the world, all that is in man, and all there is in the broad expanse of the universe. Furthermore, such a theory is absolutely irrefutable, for the simple reason that it calls white black and insists upon it. When others deny, they affirm, and as a fifty-fifty proposition it stands, except that ignorance and insanity have this in common, that proof is impossible in any case.

Any metaphysical system stands or falls with the test it meets in human experience. Any theory that fails here fails forever, unless perchance human experience takes on a different aspect. Whatever is necessary for life must be held to be true, otherwise there is no foundation to any existence anywhere. To deny validity to free will and human choice, with one stroke of the pen we rob life of reason, moral obligations, the dignity to living, moral responsibilities, and the power of self-direction.

To rationally dispute freedom in thought predicates its assumption, for there can be no choice without reason, and it is equally true there can be no reason without choice; as Borden P. Bowne puts it, "Faith in reason itself* is involved in freedom."

Nor can there be any moral responsibility if

* And as Paulsen puts it in the case of God, "Reality is his Volitional and Actual thought, or, in Spinoza's words, the application of his 'actuosa essentia'." So the world turns on the volitional activity of the will. "It is will and idea."

we deny freedom its unquestioned place in human experience. The criminal and saint stand forever in the same light, for both merely perform what they cannot help but do, neither is responsible and consequently not amenable to any punishment for their actions. Every man does what he does because he has to—there is no other alternative. But imagine, if you please, what kind of a society we would have were we to adopt in practice the dictates of such a theory. It breaks down in human experience and therefore is not to be credited with any actuality or reality; for if it is necessary to assume free will and its responsibility for the well being and protection of society, that assumption in any rational court of appeal must be held to be true.

Beyond this is the fact that we seem continually conscious of a power to choose and direct our lives. In actual life we live by and practise actual freedom. Only the man who is still in the grip of superficial dogmatism and mechanical thought can hold to such a preposterous and barren scheme of hopeless abstraction as mechanical necessity. All healthy thought and reason proclaims its faith in human freedom, and even the man that contends for the other lives a life that belies the philosophy he pretends to hold.

The moment we pass up the right to freedom in life and thought, we surrender the dignity to living; for we then become little more than

jumping jacks with meaningless activity. If the man who writes his treatise disputing the freedom of human experience can feel dignified in his work when he remembers that he is working and writing without reason or meaning, we are happy that he is so easily satisfied. On the other hand, for us it seems of infinitely more worth to give a place to reason, to believe that there is a meaning in our living, and to hold to a purpose in our lives. The mechanical theory of necessity may be all right to talk about, but when a man is sweating blood at a task it surely will not be very helpful to think that he is only a cogwheel in a big machine that is getting nowhere and doing nothing but spinning. There is something revolting about such a proposition that makes reason turn away in disgust. As William James said, "If Life is not real, it seems real."

Think of the lofty sentiments that we lose and the wonderful words that become shorn of their meaning. We pass up hope, aspiration, achievement, endeavor, will power, planning, success—in a word, we lose everything.

At the ever bending stream of life, worth turns on a practical faith in human freedom in thought, speech and activity. If we discard our faith in this regard, we will readily come to feel like George Romanes did when he, after he left the Christian ideals, proclaimed from the night of his agnosticism, "When at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling

contrast between the hallowed glory of the creed that once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it, . . . at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible." We cannot give up what life requires for its needs without having our existence take on an empty echo which means nothing. Even in connection with churches that theoretically hold to schemes of predestination, it is to be said that none of them ever preach their creed consistently, if indeed they ever preach them at all. To say that God makes John Smith and knows that he will finally come to ruin is to lay the blame on God. To say He foreknows, but doesn't predestinate, is not likely to save the case; for, if He makes a man whom He knows is doomed, He stands to blame. Take it then anyway you choose, freedom is the only necessity that we need, and further than that the only one we cannot get along without.

Then, too, to deny freedom would be to negative Christian Theism. One may pick over the Bible for verses that point to a sort of predestination, but thorogoing integrity demands that the acknowledgment of the free moral agency of man, as found in that book, be given the higher place. It would be a sickening idea to think of Jesus and his work as nothing more than a mechanical clock ticking off a process that could neither be changed nor stopped. It would reduce his preaching and

message to an empty and hollow sham, and would leave him standing like a tin soldier that was yanked about hither and yon by a tautened spring. It would throw the whole system into a blasphemy of our idea of the Christian God. The "whosoevers" so frequently mentioned would justly kick up a sense of disgust, if disgust as a word, under such a system, could have any meaning at all.

In a word, it would mean the complete and final overthrow of everything that we hold sacred and dear. There would and could be no ideals, no striving, no reaching and no endeavor —all would be opacity and darkness, and the idea of a purpose would be a mockery. Everything in the nature of mankind and every experience in the day leads us to the affirmation of human choice and freedom. Aside from such an acknowledgment, how on earth are we to give any interpretation at all to error and evil or to wickedness and shame? Rob man of his conviction that he can do things, and he will be a sorry specimen to look at.

The final solution to this problem, like the solution of every problem that we face, is nothing more and nothing less than human experience. Beyond this we cannot go, for the simple reason it is all we have any knowledge about and all that we can understand. What we find true here must be true as far as we are concerned, and if perchance they tell us about things in the third heaven or in some other

world we can do no more than listen. Like the blind man, we can only answer, whether it be necessity or no, whereas I experience choice every day I must believe in freedom. Or again it may be said, freedom and choice we know, but this fiction necessity or predestination, whence came it, and what is it for? When we leave the world that we live in and travel afar into the fog banks of theoretical speculation, we soon say farewell to rational thought, actual life and human experience. If there are questions in regard to choice that bother us and we live long enough, we will one day come to see that there is a final bothering question about everything that we know or experience. If the problem were to be decided by a choice, rational requirements would suggest beyond all peradventure taking freedom in preference to this necessity about which we know nothing. But the matter is not a case of choosing, but of living; and, whether we like it or not, we live by a very real process of choice. Freedom is the actuality and the experience, and consequently is ours without even contending for it. Necessity is neither actual nor experienced, and consequently not true or real for us—it stands merely a misty idea of abstraction.

CHAPTER III

LIFE, ITS QUESTIONS AND CERTAINTY

The curious thing about human nature is its curiosity. Asking questions is the human way of stumbling into experiments. Progress to a great degree turns on the hinges of inquiry. When a mother, tired of the eager but persistent inquiries of her little lad, informs him that asking questions killed a cat, it is perfectly natural and human that the child should ask concerning the questions of the cat. Life without disturbing ideas will stagnate and slumber in the useless mazes of mediocrity and worthlessness.

In the individual we find a sovereign empire where the mystery of the self rules and reigns. Whether we like it or not, people look upon life from different points of view. Those in substantial agreement are drawn together by their mutual ties and inherently pitted against those who are as naturally bound together on the other side. This is a plain human fact that is written over every-day life, but in it lies a principle as restless as the waters of the sea. Agreement and disagreement means reaction, and reaction is one of the few compelling forces behind the wheels of progress. The pendulum of human evolution in thought and life forever

swings in the arc of argument and debate. There is an increment and decrement in every phase of human living and acting. Difference and variation make up the true antidote for the ceaseless grind of meaningless monotony. The law suggested in antithesis is of infinite worth in the story of man. It is the opposing plates of a corn sheller grinding rough edges together that separates the kernels from the cob. The magic of electric power drives our factories in their creative production, propels our ships on the seven seas, lights the cathedrals in their beauty, makes convenient the sacred precinct of our homes, and whispers off thru limitless space a message coded in the strangeness of its sputtering,—seemingly born from nothing, but it leaps into full fledged life in the heart of a dynamo where reaction is waging its conflict with opposing lines of magnetic force.

Nor is it less true in the world of thinkers. Plato writes the story of his quest of ultimate reality and after him comes a tidal wave of either appreciation or criticism. Centuries slip along in their quiet channel until Emerson, the New Englander, scribbles off his sketches on Plato and Platonic thought. Then Arnold continues the process by writing on the Emersonian idea of Plato. Agreement and disagreement hurry the scratching of the literary pen, remodel the systems of industry, kick along the scientific world, and whip mankind on in their daily toil. Moses clashes with a Pharaoh's

court, and there emerges from the struggle the immortal and never to be forgotten Children of Abraham. The conflict of opinions and prejudice is written everywhere in history. Life rises only to its diviner heights under the stress and strain of disturbing ideas and troublesome questionings. But the reaction spits its fire, fire that sets the world aflame, back and forth across the gap where pioneers sneer with silent contempt for the common rabble with their thumb worn creeds; and they receive in turn the cutting cynicism of choice profanity in its attempt to mark and stamp them as tradition breakers. No man can lead a generation unless he stands a decade or more ahead of his time, and the price of this leadership is to break new paths in the frontier boundaries alone. When Franklin's paper was read in the Royal Society, that Society, as if boasting of its superior genius, hastened to reply that it produced only laughter. Such a comment to a less nobler soul would have cut to the quick, but here it served but to whip the scientific investigations of the Philadelphian into renewed life and energy. Everywhere you see the far-sighted tradition-breakers asking questions or making assertions that disturb the slumbers of their generations. To call Galvani the "Frog's Dancing Master" is not very logical, but it satisfied those who held him in contempt. To be ahead of your time is to be a fanatic, a fool, or a mental degenerate. Photography to-day is a common fact, but when

Daguerre heralded his discovery he received the meritorious reward of being thrust in an institution for the insane. Ohm, the wizard of electrical phenomena, met the same reward. The city of Florence, in a fit of reactionary frenzy, ordered Dante the poet to be buried alive, and not until a full century passed did she see the gravity of her mistake and plead for the transfer of his sacred dust. The progress of the world hinges on the men who ask questions, who experiment, who discover and who stand apart in open violation of traditions that keep weak-kneed generations in slavery to a non-existent past. For many a decade a submarine cable has been whispering the babble back and forth between two continents, but it was the boasted assertion of no less than a Harvard professor that such a condition was mathematically impossible. Lardner's essay proving the impossibility of the steamboat was made the echo of folly by the irony of fate, for that little manuscript was carried as a passenger on the first trip across the trackless deep.

Of course there are those who never see anything but the material machinery of their business. They tell us that thoughts can never move a star, and, satisfied with their logic, they crawl back into their little shell of meaningless materialism. Others, "with empires in their purposes and new eras in their brains," make a continent sit up and stretch to see a man who

flings out into existence new worlds with no more effort than a school lad blowing bubbles with soap and water.

The one measures everything by the weight of a dollar, the other gauges all that is by its relation to the thinker and his thoughts. To look back thru the checkered pathways of history is but to thank Heaven for tradition-breakers and reactionary men. In the day when killing was a pastime, the annihilation of the enemy an ideal, and the right of might an accepted dogma, a Jesus, with pity and fire in his eyes, a choking sob in his speech, and the sword of justice in his heart, came forth to proclaim the sacredness of human life. It, too, began with a question, "What shall a man give for his life?" He preached it, lived it, and at last climbed up Golgotha and died for it. That was nineteen centuries ago, but to-day, from the glittering beauty of the crystal glaciers of Alaska, to the heated sands of Indian deserts, and thence to the farthest Northeast bounds of Asia, there is a line that crosses every land where human beings dwell, marking out the boundary of ideal regard for human life. Nor was it backed by the cutting edge of a fanatical crusade. Killing may continue as it does, and perhaps as it will, but there is now a burning echo of conscience that was never heard before. It was only a thought and a thought that began with a question, but the world will never be the same. History gives a large place to these

reactionary men. Their age seldom has for them anything but scorn, for the "world has very little use for its missionaries and reformers, its St. Pauls, Savonarolas, Columbuses, Cromwells, and Wesleys." Those that jar the routine order of things are cranks and heretics. Woe be unto the man who dares to shake a slumbering generation and sting it into a new activity! But are we not forced to think more of Cato, the Roman citizen, who broke with the politics of his day because he wouldn't take a bribe?

Nor is the pendulum principle of reaction any less true in religion. The historical councils of the church tell the story of heated debates. Has there ever been a creed without its schismatical dissension? Why should there be threatening anathemas to protect and keep inviolate an accepted dogma? Whether we praise or condemn, must we not acknowledge that this very reaction with its restless tendencies is what keeps the world from going to seed and drying up in death? The Puritan of New England produced a religion as exact as a mathematical theorem. It lacked, however, the one great essential of a human heart. They burned witches at the fires that wrath had kindled, they hanged heretics on their gibbets which ran red with innocent blood, and they kept the stranger far from the gates of their selfish salvation. Little did they know the true character of the Christ they thought they served.

It was then perfectly natural that over against such a travesty on human reason there should come the beginning of a liberal church. The key to progress lies in the conflict and battle between radicals and ultra conservatives. It is reaction.

A choice spirit is perplexed with questions that harrow up his soul. The concept is kindled to new life within him, and he baptizes it with the warm fire of a breathing personality—it is then changed from a passive idea into the compelling power of a magnetic ideal. Its contagion sweeps out thru every channel of thought until it declares war on the routine order of things and the reaction is on. There follow dissention, war, rebellion, and the fall of kingdoms. After all is said and done, kings, emperors, czars, and kaisers are overthrown by ideas that become widespread ideals and not by the clash of arms. The declaration of war is not for the mere sake of fighting, it is rather for the sake of idealism and righteousness or, as in the by-gone age, for ideas—ideas of conquest, ideas of selfish greed, or ideas of fame and dominion. And out of these heated crucibles of soul testing controversies the following generations receive their dogmas and creeds. In the yesterday of history the unsettled questions went thru the hammering of reaction and to-day their residuum has come forth a practical certainty by which men live. In 732 the conflict at Tours was deciding whether Europe

would be Mohammedan or Christian, and to-day the spiritual dominion of Jesus is the certainty of the hour. His spiritual mastership holds in its far-reaching influence sixty generations of mankind.

The story of history is little more than the chronicle of opposing ideas. A Bloody Mary with her tragic reign was a certain promise that the inherent opposition to despotism and tyranny would one day take the throne. The idea was born and needed only to be wrapped up in personality to shake the world. The long slumber of wealth with its systems of caste is beginning to have nightmares concerning the permanence of its future. Labor is able to now do a bit of its own dictating. Slavery and freedom settled their issue once and forever on the bloody fields of Gettysburg—their question has become a present day certainty. In the mud and blood of Flander's fields in the recent world war the reaction between might and right was once again testing out the question. At present the war is on between the forces of sobriety and the outlawed liquor traffic. Virtue and immorality still continue to wage their age-long struggle. These opposing powers are not impersonal; they begin, continue, and end in personality. Great men are producers of great ideas. So these struggles are fought, first of all, in the minds of men; and, when they are settled there, men go forth to die for them. Those that play a part in these big

games are souls that feel and feel mightily. This is why Cavour, disheartened about his Italy, went to his room to kill himself. But these are the men who make the history that others write—in their day they are scorned, maligned, condemned, and often hanged or burned at the stake. Then, after time has slipped to a future day, when they have been dead for a hundred years or more, they are acclaimed pioneer souls and have pretty eulogies read in the voiceless shadows of their quiet and long forgotten tombs.

But life is disturbed by some questions the reaction from which produces little more than skepticism. How forgetful we are of the nervous people who bravely fight a losing battle with quivers of fear that shoot like poison arrows through every fibre of their being. Why should the world rate a man by his worth in dollars and cents, and ignore the rich spiritual possibilities that lie within him? Why must we grope about in the darkness of uncertainty, ever asking a silent sky the reason why? Why should an innocent little babe come to consciousness with a body cursed by its father's sin, why should it open its sightless eyes only to see darkness, and why should it move its little limbs only to feel pain? Why should there be sickness in this old world? And why should the death dealing implements of nature be so superb? Can anyone tell us why the sober and honest workingman should be the menial ser-

vant of the idle rich? Or, again, why should a kind heaven ever allow sin to put its foul scar on the weakness of a poor and helpless man? And then, too, at the end comes death to reap its sinister harvest—why should this be? The cry of pain, the echo of anguish, and the rumble of a funeral march is a daily certainty in this life we live. Even our own heart is pounding away the breath of our little life—soon we too will go the way of those that came before us. Existence seems wrapped up in a big interrogation point. Our questions are many and our knowledge is small. The fool thinks over these burning questions with but a casual interest; and then with meaningless ribaldry exclaims, "What's the use. Let's eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." With wisdom it is different, for here we have the proverb, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

But if life has its questions, it also has its certainty. There is a polaris to set our course by, the challenge of far-reaching righteousness. Its star shone in the grey dawn of antiquity when Moses exclaimed the immortal question, "Shall not the God of all the earth do right?" Aye, even in the preceding questions where investigation brings but skepticism, the fact that they are even asked, predicates a sense of righteousness as the motive for the inquiry. Nor is there any trouble about the definition

of the right. There may be questions, and doubtless there are about the State, about the Tariff, and about the Church, but there can be no question about the inherent sense of right and wrong in every heart. The standards may be different, but the idea of the right is crystal clear. What may be right for the Hottentot may be wrong for the American, but there is a right for every man and every man of this is well aware. Individual judgment turns on the individual standards of the individual man. There will be no mistake in the council hall of God. The case will never close until all the facts are in. You can depend on justice; but, if note is made of your righteousness and record made, rest assured that it will be no less the case with all your wrong.

The great outstanding certainty of life is righteousness, and it is on this pivot that religion fundamentally turns. If the misguided saying of "getting religion* can be construed to mean becoming righteous, it is religion; but, if anything else is meant, no one has ever told us." The gist of the matter is this, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and turn unto the Lord." To obey is better than to sacrifice. God is not calling men to experience some mystical thrill of empty emotional psychology, He is pleading for simple righteousness in the heart, in the thought and in the life of man. In all the span

* Borden P. Bowne.

of Scriptural admonitions we are nowhere told to have religion, to get religion, or to seek religion: we are called upon to be righteous, to fear God and to keep His commandments, and this is the whole duty of man! The full triangle of true holiness in heart and life is no more and no less than "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." "Any conception of religion which does not include this aim as its essential feature, or which subordinates it to anything else whatever, is a caricature and contradiction of Christianity."* Deeper than the breath we breathe is this masterful conviction of moral righteousness. Many a man that attempts to argue in defense of his deeds of moral depravity needs but to have the case reversed, and he will become the invincible champion of righteousness. He breaks the moral code; but were it another man and his sister involved in the deed, he would have blood in his eyes, fire in his heart, revolver in his hand and—he would shoot to kill. The one great outstanding certainty of life is righteousness. It is the end and aim of all religion. Do we need God? If so, why? We need Him, and our poor humble souls long for Him that He may help us to be like Him, to be righteous. This kindred aim and destiny makes us one of His, for the simple reason that

* Borden P. Bowne.

he that doeth righteousness is righteous, and he that committeth sin is of the devil.

Life knows many questions, in some cases the reaction pushes on the wheels of progress and thereby swings the human race a little nearer to the fulfillment of its divine purpose, in some cases the investigation has but a tendency to lead out into skepticism; but the universal conviction, that sweeps with unquestionable right from the first day of creation, on thru all time and then out to the last reaches of God's forever, is righteousness. If there is any doubt about the matter, test the case as Horace Bushnell did when he was a skeptical tutor at Yale. On his knees he made this prayer, "Oh God, I believe there is an eternal difference between right and wrong, and I hereby give myself up to do the right and to refrain from the wrong. I believe that Thou dost exist, and if Thou canst hear my cry and wilt reveal Thyself to me, I pledge to do Thy will; and I make this pledge fully, freely, and forever."

CHAPTER IV

A REASONED AFFIRMATION FOR THE CHRISTIAN GOD

Whether we like it or not, Humanity is, and probably always will be, religious. Ages of skepticism in this regard may come, but that their pendulum-like reactions will swing back to religious emphasis seems the inherent promise, if we listen to the dictates and lessons of the past and we have nothing else that we can listen to,—we may make future predictions, but they will be little more than speculation. In other words, then, we begin our study concerning a reasonable God by assuming* the fact of religion. This is the only logical way to approach the problem. For man to deny the wholesome fact† of religion, he must take from his life "the greatest thought that man the thinker ever had, the finest faith that man the worker ever leaned upon, the surest help that man the sinner ever found, and the strongest

* The superb persistence of the human heart in the quest of its God continues its reach thru the ages echoing the cry, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him whom my soul loveth," and not attempting to improve on the petition of St. Augustine we pray, "Thou madest us for Thyself, and our souls are restless until they rest in Thee."

† "Men do not first imagine a God in abstracts, then speculate about his possible powers, and then at last inquire whether such a Being exists. They begin at the other end."—Dr. Hocking.

hope that man the mortal ever had."* If it is said that we come to the study of the problem before us with a prejudice leaning to a religious faith, we willingly plead guilty to the charge, but at the same time call to mind that that prejudice roots back in the profoundest hopes and aspirations of all worthwhile humanity in all ages—if that is not true, we will have a big job on our hands to prove that anything is true.

There is a certain run of values obtained by critically studying any conception of God. The critical method puts a check on fanaticism and this is always to be commended. It tears away much of the burdensome theological trappery that so unnecessarily impedes the progress of religion. It keeps the content of our conception of God a growing process. God may remain unalterably the same, but our idea concerning Him will be a lopsided combination if it doesn't take on a richer meaning as life and experience sweeps ahead. Nothing has meant more to the reaches of Biblical influence than the wholesome type of critical investigation that has brought out with new splendor its moral value and religious passion. Critical study here has banished forever a childish anthropomorphism from our idea of God. Then again any study here freshens up the stagnant streams of our inner and profounder life. But it will put back of the ministry a wholesome

* Dr. Fosdick.

background of rational thought that will clarify their hazy and unrelated conceptions of God and the things of God. It will reveal the one-sided contentions that creep into the press of the day. H. G. Wells, in the fearful welter of a world war, finds his deeper life reaching for some truth to satisfy it. And then he finds practically what the Christian Church has been proclaiming for nineteen centuries as the only solution to his new problems—but he mistakes his own discovery and thinks it to be a discovery for the world. In "The Invisible King" he comes to the wonderful conclusion that God is a friendly God, but some day he'll hark back thru the shadows of the past and see that Hosea seven centuries before Christ reached even a bigger truth when he pictured God as with a bleeding heart loving the world. Insight and study will ever mean more and more as life quietly speeds along its way.

It is not a revolutionary idea when we say that our conception of God stands or falls with human reason. For, after all is said and done, we have no other authority to appeal to. Here again I can hear some earnest souled individual charge me with high treason to the Holy Book of God. But the Bible is not true because it is a book, but rather it is true because its truths commend themselves to the deepest and highest reaches of our reason. If our Scriptures said the same things that the Koran says, it would be condemned on the same grounds that the

enlightened world condemns the Koran. If it maintained that the backlying cause of the world was a Mexican postage stamp, it wouldn't make much difference whether its revelation dropped from the skies on a parchment of gold, it would be finally condemned in the court of humanity's reason. If the truths of its decalogue twisted themselves into their opposite and insisted upon us committing adultery, stealing, hating, and killing, the mere fact that God is said to have handed them to Moses on Mt. Sinai would never save their case in the rational thought of humanity. The deep, insistent and heartshaking truths of Christianity's Holy Book lies in the fact that they challenge the best in man's profoundest understanding of life and its meaning. It meets the reason of the world and wins its case.

Of course there are those who talk about an extra mental reason which is supposed to exist somewhere and to which we may appeal, but just where and what it is remains the question. Such a contention suggests that possibly two plus two in some other world may sum up to seven, but this is similarly a case of speculating on pure speculation, and remains once and forever barren and fruitless as far as our life is concerned. As a matter of fact, as far as we are concerned,—and we cannot go beyond this, —whatever exists or does not exist, whatever is right or whatever is wrong, or whatever is unbelief in God or faith in God, we must decide

for ourselves in accordance with the reason that we have. Nor does revelation and intuition alter the fact. If a man produces a decalogue, miraculously or otherwise, and asserts that they are divine, the questions turn in the final analysis on their inherent worth and not on their source. To judge chemistry by its beginning in alchemy, astronomy by its beginning in astrology, or religion by its beginning in animism would be a sorry program for all three. But if the decalogue revealed a more adequate conception of virtue, a conception far beyond the highest dream of profound thought, the story of its miraculous appearance would merely add a wholesome flavor to its reception. On the other hand, if the decalogue revealed an irrational and supercilious mythology, it would immediately pass into oblivion, stamped and condemned by its own worthlessness. Let it be said, then, that as far as we are concerned, the final court of authority lies vested in our own court of human reason. It is also true that where formal reason stops faith* goes on, but that faith goes on by a warranted process as, if we find ourselves held† by convictions for which we seem unable to give any mechanical reason, our rational faculties conclude that such

* "Religion does not demand that we think what cannot be thought, but that we believe what satisfies the heart and the will, and does not contradict reason."—Paulsen.

† "Dr. Bowne makes a significant distinction in his regard between the convictions that we hold and those that hold us.

wholesome insistent convictions are reasonable to believe in.

It is not at all strange that we should encounter difficulties in studying the different conceptions of God. Many there are whose zeal makes them speak without knowledge. Perhaps in no realm of human thought is there to be found more naive ideas than just here. Pretty phrases and dark sayings at this point have caused a deal of trouble. Theories are put forth that are philosophically unsound because the theorizer knows nothing of rational requirements. Here we find the inability of "sense-bound" minds to grasp the deeper questions involved, responsible for a lot of bothersome trouble. We teach our children about God with pictures, and too often the "grown ups" think of Him as with a beard and shepherd's crook. The focus of prayer, if put to a test case, would probably find the human mind talking to a super-man sitting on a throne far above the sky. Then, again, there are those who would make God an isolated king, reposing somewhere in the far off, watching worlds as they spin thru space. I was interested in an article,* entitled "The Faith of a Naturalist," that came out in the press but recently. It defined none of its terms and abounded in rational contradictions. In one sentence this was said, "The more human we are—remembering that to err is

* By John Burroughs.

human—the nearer God we are." It went on then to call attention to the fact that good and bad are human concepts and attempted to put a climax to the reasoning by saying, "In the Council of the Eternal there is no apparent distinction." In the next paragraph we bunked into the hopeless contradiction. His Eternal is held to be the God of Nature, but as he goes on to tell us what this God is like he says, "If we could build up a composite man out of all the peoples of the earth, he would represent fairly well the God of Nature." In other words, then, his God is the sum total of human life. But he has said that "to err is human," and it naturally follows that his God then is merely the sum total of all the mistaking tendencies and errors of humanity. Then again he said, "Good and bad are human concepts," and again it naturally follows that his God is merely the sum total of all human life with its manifold concepts of good and bad. It stands, then, a dark saying when we read his words in connection with the problem of distinguishing between good and bad, as "in the council of the eternal there is no such distinction." But this is a common case where the lure of attractive words unconsciously multiply at the pen of writers on themes like this. They are carried away into a land of high sounding sayings where reason never dwells. It is no wonder that that article says so many things and reaches such strange conclusions. And so

run the suggested difficulties in approaching a conception of God.

The quest of God is akin to the quest of reality and requires that we start with three basal assumptions.* In the first place we must assume the world of coexisting personalities.† In the second place we must assume the world of common reason. And thirdly we must assume the world of common experience.

To deny the first is to fall into the absurdity of solipsism which merely means that it would be concluded that nothing exists but "my own self,"—all other personalities would be ideas in my mind. Berkeleian thought may be carried to the extreme in this regard, and the man who does the carrying may content himself with volumes of barren abstractions about himself. The sobering touch in this regard is the plain commonplace logic of life. Reason once and forever refuses to deny the existence of coexisting personalities.

To deny the law of common reason for the world of coexisting personality would be suicidal to the last degree. There could be no possibility of knowledge, for what would be true for Mr. A. would never be true for Mr. C.

* Dr. Bowne's "Metaphysics and Theism."

† See Page 245. "Meaning of God in Human Experience,"—Dr. Hocking. In the case of our consciousness of fellow beings we only verify physical facts—nothing more; but, as Kant would say, we impose the concept of other minds on the physical appearance. It is a contribution from within ourselves. Nevertheless, like all our experience and knowledge, it is significantly a fact.

For John Smith 3 plus 6 might mean 9, but it might mean 18 for Dick Jones. The demonstrated axioms of geometry might only be accurate for the author of the book.

But then we must accept the world of common experience. To deny this might gain us newspaper notoriety until the rational life of the community passed judgment and awarded us a place in an asylum for the mentally deficient. But life never doubts the truth of common experience. A crushed hand for Mr. B. means pain, nor is it less true with Mr. K. Of course Christian Science may call it another name, but the swapping of names never changes the facts of our experience. In the main, we all experience heat, cold, taste, smell, sickness, and death just about the same. Here again our sympathetic star-gazing Christian Scientist calls all things by different names. They tell us there is no death, and then proceed like the rest of us poor common folk to die in their turn. The "death* rate, regardless of creed or dogma, inevitably remains one to one for all —Christian Scientists included." Our assuming then of this world of common experience must be credited with rational content. It is now the time to say something concerning the world of things. It would all be easy enough to idly talk about God and frame up a manufactured conception and arrive at a manufac-

* B. P. Bowne.

tured conclusion. But, if our idea of God is to be rational, we must needs have some rational conception of this phenomenal world of things which remains in a strange sense external to us. If the word "God" is to carry any real content, it must efficiently deal with the great philosophical problems of causality, interaction, matter, force, motion, change, identity, reality, and personality. Any other kind of a God may get into the periodicals and the press, but his empty meaning will produce no reaction in the streams of humanity's profounder thought.

But to return to our reasoning. When we accept the foregoing assumptions of (1) the world of coexisting personalities, (2) the law of common reason, and (3) of the world of human experience, we are immediately confronted with a question concerning the nature of the world of things that we see and feel and seem to live among. If we accepted only the assumptions above named, we would possibly be charged with a barren type of Berkeleian abstraction. After everything is said and done, the fact remains, and is unquestioned by critical thought, that there is a world external to and not dependent upon us. To deny the existence of this outside world is only possible to the academic type of fruitless solipsism. But in the nature of the case we see very early that we must distinguish between the existence of the world that is "not me" and the world

that is "me." If there are those who see no difference* here, we can only say that the profound thought in all ages has always seen and openly recognized† it. There is no question about the fact, but the question of interpretation marks the parting of the ways.

We can begin at but one point, and that point is the fact of our own "self"‡ or the "me." Whether it pleases us or annoys us, whether we like it or not, we must assert the reality of the self. If we deny here, there is nothing left to assume, for there is nothing left to do the assuming. If we are not real, it doesn't make any difference, as far as we are concerned, and this is as far as we can go, whether anything else is real or not. If we are not real, we can neither deny nor find the "me" or the "not me," for in either case we would have to predicate a self as subject of the denying and finding. We must accept, therefore, the fact of our own selfhood. If we would begin like Descartes to doubt everything, we immediately predicate the existence of the self as the subject of the doubting. Whatever the outside world may be, whatever we may desire to construe it to be, the

* "The corporeal world is phenomenal." ("The Nature of the Soul." Paulsen.)

† "Any mind depends on nature as nature does not depend on that mind."—Dr. Hocking.

‡ When Hume investigated his experience, he found no self; "he had gone out of his house, as one noted rejoinder had it, and, looking in at the window, was unable to find himself at home."

primary fact always stands out, that the first hand reality is ourself, for we do the thinking, desiring, and construing. The reality of the self or the "me" stands therefore as the first hand basal fact and premise. Again let me say, if we deny here, we can go no further, and if we could there would be no use.

This settled, we turn then to the world of the "not me," or the physical world of things that excite our senses. What is this realm? Is it as real as ourselves? Superficial thought doesn't hesitate to affirm that it is, but critical insight calls to mind thoro reflections and philosophic thought and answers in the negative. What things are in themselves is forever beyond us. We can never know what they are per se. We can only know how they affect us. A silver dollar is round, has a whitish color, is hard, carries the impression of an eagle, etc., but these are all sense qualities whose meaning lies in the background of our interpreting faculties. Sense qualities never reveal what a thing is, but only how it affects us; and we know that sense qualities have no likeness to the thing. "There is neither hardness in the hard nor sweetness in the sweet."* Our thought of whitish color is not itself white, nor is our idea of roundness itself round any more than our concept of a mountain is itself a mountain. Our thought of a mile is not itself a mile long.

* Borden P. Bowne.

The essense of the things "not me" seems rather to lie in a hidden and mysterious ground back beyond the sensations they produce in us. At any rate we can see the vast difference between the "me" and the "not me." This distinction is necessary, and the lack of making it has caused a deal of dark and meaningless sayings in philosophy. We recognize then the reality of the outside world, but we also recognize that it differs from the reality of the self —the self is ontologically real and the outside world is phenomenally real. That is, we know the self by first hand knowledge, but the external world coming to us only by our senses, which only report how they affect us, is readily seen to be second hand, and not only is it second hand information, but its real essence lies hidden in the mystery of its mysterious background.

But, it is asked, what is the nature of things and how are we to construe their reality? We will forego the dying types of thought and state a conviction that appeals to us in this regard. The real nature of things is not to be found in their qualities, for, as we have seen, qualities are nothing but our interpretation of the way the outside world affects us. We cannot say that the nature of a diamond is its weight, for weight would not include its color, brilliance, shape, and so forth. We cannot say that its nature is a combination of its qualities, for weight plus color, plus brilliance, etc., is nothing

more than a combination of our interpretations of how the diamond reacts upon our senses and understanding. But a diamond always reacts in accordance with our common law of reason and the world of experience in practically the same way. Out of this grows the assertion that its nature lies in the law by which it exists. But to go deeper, we find that this law is merely a name for some sort of hidden activity, which reflection leads us to the real nature of things. Law is a mere abstraction, but this activity which it reveals is backed by agency. To act is to exist. A thing that reacts or acts with nothing, is nothing. Reality is found and explained only by an agent. Nor does this conflict with the conclusions of modern scientific investigation. For here everything is traced down thru the dark mysteries to electrons which are held to be agents of electrical activity.

This naturally leads us to the question of the backlying agency* in the world ground. Let us not be afraid to say that profound thought and philosophical insight early came to assert its faith in an absolute causality which has been not infrequently called God. Of course some teachers steer away from that name for fear that they may be taken for theologians. The pity of the matter is that earnest philosophy and rational theology has so long at-

* See Dr. Hocking's chapter, "Knowledge of Other Minds," in his "Meaning of God in Human Experience."

tempted to live apart. Argument and analysis quickly banished from the halls of critical study all ideas of polytheism—it never has had much content for rational thought. The preponderance of thoro thinking, in keeping with the sweep of logical reasoning, sooner or later stakes everything on a faith in an "unmoved prime mover" or "a self-sufficient, self-existing infinite and absolute." In this connection one cannot help but call the long arguments in every treatise on philosophy up to mind. Who has not read of the ontological argument, the teleological argument, the cosmic argument, the causality argument, the interaction argument, etc. So much for that.

Here we have a world of coexisting personalities, a world of common reason, a world of human experience, and an outside world which seems properly called a phenomenal world. That there is a unity in it all cannot be denied, for everything runs with a smoothness of recognized harmony. How are we to construe* this harmony and smoothness with things that seem to be mutually unrelated and independent? Here we get the ready answer which without a moment's hesitation informs us it is due to a reign of law. But when we ask what law or whose law or what is meant by this law, we need but to ask the question to see the difficulty.

* "From mind alone can order come."—Anaxagoras.
And Aristotle praises Anaxagoras for his assertion. This seems very obvious to us but in that day it was a new finding. Its truth is evidenced by the fact that it persists as an axiom.

Mere law has no existence. It is the fallacy of the universal. Again let it be said, law is merely our name for some form of revealed or hidden activity—which again leads to the conclusion that its explanation is to be found in agency.* In other words, law merely formulates a statement as to how and in what manner agency expresses itself in activity. Just as science says that the unity and reality of material things is to be found in electrical units, defined as electrons or electrical agents, we see that the prevailing law of unity and harmony between things and thought lies in a backlying agent,† which philosophy has been pleased to call the Absolute. Only thru this principle can we understand the interaction of the "thing series" and the "thought series." After all is said and done, "the interaction of the many is only possible thru the immanent action of an All Embracing One."‡ In this Infinite One all things "live and move and have their beings." This is one way, then, in reaching a conception of the backlying God of reality.

It would be close akin to this if we said a

* Lotze inquires, "How does it happen that so many substances act with such uniformity as to enable us to reduce their behavior to laws?" The answer comes from the Grecian Anaxagoras, "From mind alone can order come."

† One agent back of the world is necessary. The world is full of optimism, and in this connection Dr. Hocking tells us, "No optimism is possible without some kind of monism." Page 167, "Meaning of God in Human Experience."

‡ Dr. Bowne's "Philosophy."

word about causality, in relation to the world and its existence. Here again it is a problem of rational investigation and rational assumption. We must choose an adequate cause for the world ground. And it is to be said without cant or hypocrisy, there are plenty of theories to choose from. In this connection we are offered the theories of "Mobile Cosmic Ether," "Nebular Hypothesis," "Inherent Necessity," "Blind Force Blindly Working out Its Blind Purpose," "Paulsen's Parallelism," "A World Soul," "Fortuitous Concurrence of Atoms," "Chance Pure and Simple," and so on until we reach the "Christian System of Theism." At first thought the question of choosing seems six of one and a half dozen of another, or a game of "pay your money and take your choice." Of course we ought to say that, though one may choose one theory and another another, the world will probably remain about the same, our views will change it but little. On the other hand, however, our views will significantly change us—what we profoundly believe here will either crowd our life with big meanings or empty them of all their worth.

But the whole thing reduces itself to a rational assumption. It remains once and forever nothing more and nothing less than assumption pure and simple. Of course rational requirements insist that our assumptions be adequate for the explanation. To choose the Mobile Cosmic ether theory may sound good and savor

of profound language, but it fails to explain or suggest how personality ever came out of that that is not personality. The Nebular Hypothesis stands forever incapable of explaining how thinking beings ever sprang from a whirling mass of unthinking matter. In the case of Blind Force we can only say that we are at a loss to understand how such an inadequate cause can explain the existence of even human intelligence in the world. Paulsen tells us of his parallelism which makes the thing series and the thought series absolutely independent of each other, and suggests that both run parallel for no other reason than that they are forced to do so by some sort of a spring wound up.

There are some questions to ask at this point. In the first place to whom shall we attribute the winding process? In the second place the contention that the thing series and thought series are entirely independent breaks down, for our thought can and does form concepts of the thing series every day and hour that we live. Then again instead of meeting the problem of interaction he begs the issue by declaring there is no interaction. The idea of a world soul at first attracted some attention, but now it peacefully slumbers in the harmless grave in which rational analysis buried it. The total sum of finite consciousness plus the total sum of finite things can never mean any more than just that total sum of finiteness—and by no rational consistency can we by presto magic make it into

any other idea. We might form this concept of a world soul, but it would be forever impossible for it to have any identity, as identity must be in the very nature of the case indivisible.* We look over the theory of fortuitous occurrence of atoms and its twin sister chance pure and simple, only to see that neither make a rational appeal to philosophical insight. To explain the inherent nature of things by saying that their elements happened to get together in the jostle of millions of years is indeed a marvelous trust in the God of Chance. All that can be said in this connection is that we will be lenient enough to admit the infinitely faint possibility of such a process, but at the same time strenuously oppose its probability on rational grounds. It would be far easier to believe that a mixture of paper, ink, and type, thrown into a mammoth cylinder and revolved for ten million decades of time, would happen, by mere chance, into a fully bound unabridged English dictionary of the latest variety. In the case of proffered necessity we soon see that it drifts back to a law which further insight can attribute only to agency. All knowledge begins with assumption. The agnostic that contends that we can never know anything predicates in his contention the assumption that he knows that "he can never know anything." Assumption pure and simple must always be the starting point. The question turns then on nothing

* Plato's contention for the indivisibility of the soul.

more or nothing less than the rational adequacy of the same. When we therefore assume the backlying cause of the world ground to be a self-sufficient, self-conscious, intelligent and self-determining agent, we at least have an adequate causality. If others are satisfied with other assumptions, we can only say that this one is our choice. Then again if any one with academic pedanticism insists on going back of this Absolute Agent, it will be theirs to enjoy the barren and fruitless process of infinite regression. As for us, our mental life finds a satisfaction in beginning* with an Agency that adequately measures up to the demands made upon it. This then is yet another way of reaching a conception of the backlying God of reality.

Then, too, we might approach the problem from the already suggested world of interaction. Here we have a world of experience the "not me," and a world of experience the "me." Things and thoughts are not in any wise alike. As far as all practical purposes are concerned, there is some sort of relationship beween the two. A sunset that does not seemingly depend on us hardly ever fails to key up in us a sense of æsthetic emotion and appreciation. The mysterious difficulty involved is only seen as we pry beneath the surface meaning and nature of things. How can physical activity go over into psychical activity? To affirm that it does

* In any case it must be pure assumption.

would be to say that the physical world loses some of its energy, and this the scientific law of the conservation of energy will not allow. If it should be urged that physical energy and psychical energy are the same, it doesn't help matters much. Our thoughts of a thing are never like the thing itself—a conception of a mile is not itself a mile long, etc. This leads into the heart of the problem. Since the masterful work of Immanuel Kant it remains once and forever clear that "we can never know anything outside of the thought sphere. Mind and the products of the mind comprise the whole sphere of the knowable."* We cannot go beyond this plain and definite philosophical conclusion. But the excitations that we receive from the outside world do have a meaning for us—we gain a thought content from them. Now meaning for intelligence must begin in intelligence. Knowledge for thought must spring from a thinker. Ignorance pounding on a telegraph key will have no thought content for the operator at the other end of the line; but, admit intelligence at the transmitter, and the receiving operator conceives the intelligent communications at his end of the line. Let an operator intelligently frame thoughts in dots and dashes, and at the other end the thought content is received. Thought and meaning can begin nowhere but in thought and meaning. Meaning must begin in thought if it is to end

* Bowne's "Metaphysics."

in thought. Keeping, then, in mind the three beginning assumptions of a world of coexisting personalities, a world of common reason, and a world of common experience, we turn to reflect on the external world. Beyond all peradventure it has an intelligent meaning for us. It is quite creditable, then, that since we find meaning and a thought content in the outside or phenomenal world, it must express the thought and meaning of a thinker beyond it and back of it. "Otherwise all is opacity and darkness, and we are foolishly trying to understand colors and noises that mean nothing." We see then that to understand the world that is "not me" we must predicate a Cosmic intelligence as its backlying and abiding condition.

But we might mention here that in this external world where things are continually going to pieces in the storms of wear and tear, they always remain harmoniously related to a mysterious background of a seemingly unified time with which to compare them and their changing condition. Where then shall we find this abiding unity? In all the world there is nothing that doesn't change, and nowhere are we to find any real identity even suggested except in the reality of our own self. Seemingly we sit isolated, but consciously aware of past, present and future. As far as we are concerned, knowledge of time is the form of our mental experience in the same manner as space is the form of our objective experience,

and in this two-way experience the unifying agency is the All-Embracing Absolute,—this alone can explain the harmony when it comes to the interaction between ourselves and this external world. Here we state an axiom as "Knowledge of time must be timeless and knowledge of change must be changless." In other words, then, we not only find intelligence back of and beyond the world that is "not me," but we must predicate that that intelligence is Changeless and Timeless. Here then we find from another angle thru critical insight another way of gaining some conception of the backlying and unseen God of the world ground.

Space will not permit in this paper a study of all the other problems of philosophy and their concomitant difficulties, but practically the same line of reasoning must be followed. And in every case it is cogently contended that nothing can be explained without an adequate God back of and beyond the world. The world of personalities, the world of common reason, the world of common experience and the world of physical phenomena can have no meaning for us if it is not the expression of an All-Embracing Intelligence back of it, and thru whose immanent activity the interaction of the many is alone found to be possible. "Our thought of the world has two poles; when we approach the world from the standpoint of meaning, we come to the Divine Idea. When we approach the

world from the standpoint of causality, we come down to the Divine Will."*

But allow me a word about life's practical certainties. There are some things we believe in the same way the Sun shines—we just can't help it. We may not be able to give compelling and demonstrable reasons for them, but they ever remain the foundations of our daily life. "The things which we hold,* or rather which hold us, with deepest conviction are not the certainties of logic, but of life." After all is said and done, and after we make due allowance for a certain portion of eccentric thinkers who are forever seeking to formulate some novel idea, the fact remains that God† along with other certainties is a practical certainty which practical reason will never cease to affirm. This is another of those flashing truths that Immanuel Kant formed with such scintillating brilliancy. In the last analysis our faith in God is not to be found in the reasons we give, the truth is, rather, that because of our faith we seek to give reasons for the same. Now I do not mean that this is an irrational process, for I have already concluded that all stands or falls with the decisions in the court of human reason. I

* Borden P. Bowne.

† "Men do not first imagine a God in abstracts, then speculate about his possible powers, and then at last inquire whether such a being exists. They begin at the other end,"—Dr. Hocking. Just why this is so we cannot say, we can only admit the fact.

rather mean to emphasize the fact that this wonderful life of ours is beautifully bigger than formal logic. Human reason roots back into convictions that cannot be expressed in paltry syllogisms. If a truth by its own inherent power persists in gripping and holding the inner streams of life, it is its own justification, logic, and warrant. If that that all humanity, everywhere and always in all ages, has believed and continues to believe is not true, then nothing is true. Faith in reason and knowledge rests upon just this ground. Here again then we have an interesting fact concerning our faith in a conception of a reasonable God.

For the critical thinker then we have found a God, rich and deep in far-reaching content and life. To find Him in all these complex relationships of life and things is far better and infinitely more wholesome, than to paint superficial pictures colored with a meaningless rhetorical flow of easy rounded words. Such a picture fits only the fleeting and superficial thought of casual worshippers of empty phrases and vanishes away like smoke into utter confusion and contradiction under reflection. To write on the faith of a naturalist and speak of "Cosmic Forces," "the intelligence of the universe flowering in man"; to say that we are caught "in the beginningless currents of creative energy—where there is no fixity or finality anywhere"; to say that we are to rest in "the common good and fortune of the whole"; to say

that "there is nothing directly mindful of man but man himself"; and to say that "human consciousness and our sense of right and wrong, of truth and justice arises in an evolutionary sequence and passes judgment on all things,"— to say all this surely merits the fantastic decoration of a Legion of Honor, for it takes a bold intellect "such as was never known in Israel" to manufacture pretty and savory words at the appalling expense of ignoring intellectual insight, philosophical reason, and moral intuitions. It's a lamentable pity that such a fine parade of rhetorical phraseology sees no difficulty in the profound problems of interaction, of phenomenal things, of space, of time, of causality, of matter, of force, of motion,* of identity, of change, of reality, of the motion of being, and of personality. On the other hand the faith of Theistic thought offers a God adequate† to the problems referred to and further it has been found that to deny Him leaves us without the possibility of knowledge as well as leaves the world a lumpish existence without a meaning. Then, too, since the human mind will not be content with the sweep of infinite regression, a pure assumption is necessary for a starting point. To assume a beginningless

* Especially of action at a distance.

† That it has a mystery or is a mystery we do not hesitate to acknowledge for as Renan says, "Its simplicity will always hinder Deism from becoming a religion. A religion that is as clear as geometry would excite neither love nor hatred . . . . . the more evident a truth is, the less we care for it." Jesus speaks of "the mystery of the kingdom of God."

beginning may satisfy the faith of a naturalist, but its inherent contradiction banishes it once and forever from the realms of rational philosophy.

As we have seen, we have chosen in theistic thought the most rational assumption of all the variety of possible ones. And again let me say that the meaning of the world for us is only possible because it is the product of an intelligence back of the same. The interaction of the thing series and the thought series finds no solution unless we hold to the All-Embracing and Absolute One. Reality has been found only in agency, and therefore back of all the complexities of life's problems runs the rational conviction of a faith in a rational and divine agent. Causality in the world of things and thoughts stands or falls with the question of a backlying intelligence and personality. Nothing can explain thinking beings but a thinking Being. Nothing can make the world mean anything to our thought and reason but thought and reason as its source. The abiding condition of the world of coexisting personalities, of the world of common reason, of the world of human experience and of the world of physical phenomena, with all their complex relationships and interaction, is to be found in the theistic conception of a Backlying Personal Intelligence positing, developing and guiding the stream of reality—and it is found only here. Every law

roots back in Him and has no ground or warrant aside from Him.

Nor is the Theistic* God a barren abstraction as far as our life is concerned. Every† fine passion and Holy Virtue, every worthy Ideal and Aspiration, and every Divine Hope that runs in the heart of human experience roots back in the Eternal Causality of All. If we put a value on moral cleanness, God must do no less. If we feel bound to struggle to keep humanity from the things that ruin and degrade, God must have deep interest in the program of redemption. If a mother loves and cares for her child, God is deeply obligated to look out for the well being of His offsprings. Then, too, this God remains all that Christ revealed Him to be and more. In keeping with the march of centuries human thought will be continually crowding into the thought of God new and bigger meanings. It is ours then by reasonable affirmations to assert our faith in a reasonable and rational God. And once having thought our way thru, we feel the currents of warm compelling powers like strong tides running in

* "We have shown that such god as theism presents to men is necessary to their happiness, and we have shown that such a god must be found in experience, if at all."—Dr. Hocking.

† "He that made the eye shall he not see, he that made the ear shall he not hear?" Old Testament. It follows then that God must be all that man is and more. However, it is also true, as Paulsen points out, that "God must become a man in order to be merciful and benevolent like a man." His fallacy is this: God must remain a God to be merciful and benevolent like a God—in this there is a world of difference.

the soul—tides that persistently wash away the mud banks of things that keep us narrow and confined—tides that widen and deepen and enrich our inner life and its desires. We come then to see a profounder meaning in the Christian conception that "In God we live and move and have our being."

CHAPTER V

THE FAITH OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

It was Wednesday night, and our modern Man-o'-War lying at anchor in the largest port of the great west coast was sending the sailors ashore on liberty in the city. I, too, went down that gangway and climbed into the motor sailer to spend some time ashore. And, as was my custom in such a case, I was making a course for some prayer meeting in the holy quiet of the church. At 6.45 we left the ship and put in for the beach. I little knew where I could find a church, but having had some experience along this line I felt quite confident I would be successful. At the ferry station I made inquiries, but to no avail. In all I put my question to some five different people, only to find as usual that none of them knew where I could find my church. The last resort is always the telephone directory, and here under index I located my place. I boarded a street car and proceeded on my way. I arrived a bit early for the service, and found the house of God extremely unattractive in appearance. There was not so much as a dim electric light burning at the door. But, nevertheless, in I went and spent the extra time chatting with the janitor about the condition of the place. He expressed great surprise that I, being a stranger in the

city, had found the place. Outside the brick unconsciously suggested the last resting place of the dead. It surely didn't seem the habitat of the vigorous, red-blooded, active, twentieth century man.

To be frank, I really don't blame people for staying away from such a gloomy abode. A neighboring pastor was to preach the sermon, and the meeting was to be more than a midweek prayer service, as it was one of a series of evangelistic campaigns that had been in progress for some time. Ten minutes late, the program began without an organist. By actual count there were twenty-six in the audience and two preachers in the pulpit. The sermon was wholesome and pungent, but the speaker yelled like a madman when there seemed no reason for the noise. Much that he said was irrelevant and useless, but he talked almost an hour. At the close of the service the pastor acknowledged he was disappointed in the campaign. "People just will not come to church now-a-days," he said, "they seem uninterested in the things of the Kingdom. Everyone here is a Christian, and the sinners for whom these protracted meetings have been held will not come."

After the benediction I quietly edged my way out to the street, harboring thoughts that Christianity is a failing program after all. When I got back on the main street, the theatres were beginning to pour out their countless droves of people, having entertained

them for nearly two solid hours. No, this is not misrepresenting the problem, for to a startling degree I have found the same thing in every port on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. And even where the church is crowded I cannot help but think of the thousands who drift by her doors untouched and unredeemed. For three years I have been thinking over this very thing and now I have something to say.

First of all, there are a few preliminary considerations that ought to be called to mind. I am not calamity howling, for God knows the poor old world has enough heart-shaking problems as it is. Nor is it the voice of heartless criticism, for I am deeply concerned in the whole affair. It is rather the ache of a prophet's heart. I doubt if I could do any better, but of course that ought not to keep me from saying what ought to be said. Kindly criticism often helps a man to see things in a newer light. But I speak as an outsider from the church, and that ought to mean something to the preacher and earnest church member. Tho I am ordained, I still feel like the blue jacket that goes to church and sits in the pew, for that is what my story generally is. So much for the angle from which we approach our problem.

Preachers as a rule are held to be peculiar people by the world. They live in a different atmosphere, and too often they wear different clothes. They seem far distant from the com-

mon rabble which makes up such a large part of the stream of humanity. They preach with no one to check up on them. As one shipmate said to me, "They can say anything and get away with it." And we would do well to stop and think of this a bit more often. The ecclesiast of to-day with his soft hands and gentle face makes a strange contrast with the virile Man of Galilee.

Nor has the church communicant changed much to-day. If their preacher should go down to the common bowling alley and learn the game and rub shoulders with men—men who cuss and swear, men who never attend a church, men who live rough lives and men who fear no God, he would very probably be talked about as "one who dines with publicans and sinners." I am not pleading for a prophet to do the things of the wicked, but I am saying he will never reach men until he goes where men are. Jesus went down to the docks where the rough and crude fishermen brought in their catch, and with all their vile language he saw the vigor and vitality that the Gospel program needed to redeem a world. The church has too many indoor followers of the open air prophet, too many anæsthetics, when we need more thunder and lightning bolts. An earthquake or tidal wave in the church would be a blessing—it would shake loose and wash away a lot of useless trappery that serves no other purpose than to impede the progress of the kingdom of God.

But the preacher is very apt to misjudge me in these burning truths, which calls to mind another truth, that he is very apt to judge the whole sweep of the world by the standards of his own little parish. Too often he sees no further than his manuscript, and hears nothing but the peals of chimes from his belfry. A friend of mine lectured in a city of the West and horrified their spiritual slumber by telling them (Preachers' Meeting) they were sitting within a stone's throw of three houses of prostitution. There under the shadow of the cathedral they had lived for years and never knew the heartaches of the outside world. I tell you, when the church goes after men like the marines and soldiers went after the Boche, it will have its altars crowded with penitent seekers for a new life.

I don't like it myself, but let me repeat it again that preachers are held to be a peculiar people by the world. Nor can we blame them for their conviction. During the war I was pathetically amused to read the different articles by high churchmen on the spiritual aspects of the same. Some, judging the world by their own heartache, with deep emotions painted the picture of a worldwide revival to follow the wake of world war. Others, judging by their own awakened patriotism, were telling "What the boys would do when they returned." I seemed alone, but I continued to say that "things would remain astoundingly the same."

War is only a part of history, and history is only the story of humanity in the river of time. Intensified war doesn't make religion any more than intensified business. The appalling slaughter of human life of course tends to quicken an interest in the world of God's to-morrow, but it carries the mark of a temporary program. It's a pity, but we have well nigh forgotten the boys who went over there and who never came home. The war is over, and after all is said and done the world remains religiously about the same. What difference there is turns on the forces that made Christ an unforgettable teacher and not on the war. But others, during the exciting days of conflict, were telling us that skepticism would hold the sceptre when the clouds of the clash had lifted. So much then for the preliminary considerations on the problem before us.

I came away from the religious meeting referred to in the opening with a misgiving as to whether or not Christianity was failing. There is still a word to be said about this theme. Churches are pathetically poor in their attendance. And observation has been forcefully reminded that most ninety per cent. of those who do attend are from among the older folk. Youth with its red-blooded life scampers out on the well-lighted highways of life. They see no reason why they should give their time to a gloomy service where the preacher harangues on the "Customs of Ancient Egypt," "The Ori-

gin of the Pentateuch," "The Condemnation of the Dance and Amusements," or the "Piety of a Now-Forgotten Moses." They are concerned in the high lights of life.

A sailor who had returned to civilian life was attending church with his folks and wondering during the cold, indifferent service what it was all about when his mind wandered back to the decks of his old battleship where he was taught to move "on the double" by a bos'n's mate. He heard again the shrill call of the whistle of the bugle and was thinking in terms of speed and action just as the preacher warmed up a bit in prayer, and in a more excited tone challenged God to "Give a Revival," to which the sailor boy piped out unwittingly, "Atta Boy, Make it Snappy." And you know I am not so sure but that is a lesson with a divine meaning. Religion is to live by life and life is active. Funerals are all right for the dead, but they make no appeal to the living. A dead church explains more than anything else why the throngs on the great outside drift continually by with no concern. People always crowd to see a fire, and it is no less true with religion. Then, again, the church sometimes seems to me to lack a hold on the intellectual classes. College graduates write me from time to time telling me about their hesitant attitude about attending church because the preacher is unschooled and mistakes "verbosity for profundity."

Now, I know how easy it would be to write an answer to my fears about the church failing. It could be put in fine words and colored with the touch of eloquence. The missionary field could be appealed to with a report on numbers and so forth. But the fact in the matter is this, the church has been failing—it is unlike the early church and lacks the challenge of the keen and insistent preaching of a Jesus. Well nigh twenty millions of Protestants in the world, but we grow tremendously slow. If membership in the church meant discipleship in the kingdom, as it is supposed to, we would have been spared this pitiable predicament. If in the course of the next three years every follower of that rugged Galilean Prophet would lead five people to a submission to the ideal of the Cross, at the end of that time America would be really Christian, for a hundred millions would have pledged their allegiance to the Kingdom. On the contrary, if a church of three hundred members has a religious awakening and adds a half a hundred newcomers to the faith, the religious press begins to speak about a marvelous outpouring of God's spirit in that vineyard. This, the uncommon occurrence, points to the decline in the vitality of Christianity in America. How unlike the early vigorous campaigning of the first twelve, who added yearly numbers far exceeding that of their workers.

In many places the church seems to be grinding out a necessary but powerless routine. The pulpit is losing its magnetic appeal as preachers are fast turning to be cheap lyceum lecturers on popular subjects. Last Sunday night here in this same city I went ashore and went to the largest church of my denomination, only to hear the preacher talk or rather read a manuscript on the "Family Physician." He reached back to the oath of Hypocrites and told a lot of funny stories—he made the people laugh, but he said nothing of the "Sinless Jesus." His audience was made up of the older folks who had acquired the habit of church going in the early days. Along the Atlantic coast in cities and seaport towns I have heard sermons on "Balzac," "The Holy Alliance," "England, and Her Part in the Great World War," "Social Justice," "Capitalism and Labor," "Sanitation and Public Health," "Is there a God?" "Spiritualism," and "David Lloyd George, the World's Greatest Man," etc.

With a heavy regret I have oftentimes made my way back to the ship with the feeling that the church was a lifeless institution. I heard one preacher thunder his message on world optimism to but a handful of an audience in a church that would accommodate six hundred people. In that town there were twelve thousand people who never go to church. I give that fellow credit for being an optimist, but it has always seemed to me that it would have

been better to save that time for the shattering blast of some divine truth that would reach the twelve thousand. Remember, now, I am speaking as an outsider looking at the problem.

In one church I met a man holding down a job that he had saved from ruin—he wasn't even a college graduate, but he had the irresistible earnestness. When he came there, the official board told him they couldn't raise a thousand dollars to repair the place. He called them together and told them they were about to build a fifty thousand dollar church, and this they have done; and to-day it stands with hardly a penny of debt upon it. In his home, however, he told me how he had been handicapped for years by politics among the preachers. He mentioned the salary levels by which men are classed, and told me how preachers speak of certain other preachers as the two thousand dollar class man, etc. All this is so far from Him who said "take neither script nor money," etc.

The playhouses are crowded, tho their entrance fees run high, while the churches are empty with admittance free. Where are our Whitefields and Wesleys? Are there no more Wyclifs and Luthers? Can the church no longer produce an eloquent Jonathan Edwards? Oh for a Massillon or Huss to quicken the slumbers of our otherwise speedy century! Give us a Calvin or a Knox. We need a Livingston or a Savonarola. Aye, we would do well to produce

a Thomas à Kempis or a mighty souled Augustine. The voice of a St. Bernard of Clairvaux alone can wake us from our culpable apathy. A Beecher, a Bunyon, or a Bushnell should come to us to recall a wayward church. We lack the steel of a Chrysostom and the gentleness of a St. Francis of Assisi. Is there no son of the church who can take the place of soldier preacher Robertson? Where are the equals of our early church fathers? Have we no more St. Pauls to send out on missionary journeys? When will the professional Evangelists come back to the type of D. L. Moody?

It is our fear that intellectualism has crowded from the pulpit the spirituality that made fishermen and cobblers earthquaking reformers and magnetic prophets. If the past has produced those that rocked their age with messages eternal, why should it be thought incredible that the church to-day should more abundantly turn loose on the world men with consuming passions to evangelize? If the institution of the kingdom was not waning, our vitality and virility would not be so shameful. Ah, yes, we have just raised* money, money by the millions, but we don't seem to be so successful in reaching men. Then, too, we better get to our knees lest this bulk of wealth increase our already unmanageable machinery until it breaks from its moorings and drifts to

* "Centenary Movement" in all churches.

sea. In all seriousness, while many preachers are talking about "daybreak everywhere," I am wondering if Christianity is not failing. I sometimes am prone to think that our modern church life is close akin to the sleepy status of the Jewish Synagogue when Christ came to flash a glimpse of eternity in the world.

The men in the holy place seem to know everything there is to know about the Bible, everything there is to know about higher critical problems: they can explain with minute exactness the difference between the theology of Jesus and St. Paul—but they don't seem to know men, the poor common men of the streets, or, for that matter, the well-to-do man of the world. They have mastered the philosophy of Theism, and they know much about the God revealed in Christianity, but they seem to lack the driving dynamic that makes a God willing to sacrifice His Son. There is something wrong in Denmark when preachers tell us that recruits for the ministry are few because the salary returns are inadequate to their needs. The real reason why there are few recruits for the kingdom leadership is nothing more and nothing less than a devitalized Christianity. Men never choose the work of a prophet for such despicable rewards. Ask those who have trod this pathway, and they will tell you they came to the door of the church with tears in their eyes and choking sobs in their throats pleading for the privilege of preaching Christ. It is

when they lose their message that they fall a prey to telling of their financial worth and demanding a larger financial return.

We count membership by the millions, but what think you would be left were we to weigh each individual by the sacrificial demands of discipleship? Children are growing up thru the adolescent age in our church homes, but they never hear the father or mother lisp the name of Christ in prayer. Devotion in the home seems to have been outgrown. Then, too, about the only thing that remains punctual in its church attendance is the little copper penny. I tell you, it must break the heart of God to see people come to church and sing about the appalling cost of salvation, and then drop a penny on the plate as an offering. Many of these millions that we count as communicants haven't given the kingdom in thirty years the price of a decent automobile, tho they get a new one every other season. A dollar a week would indeed be a meager offering to bring in the shadow of the cross, but the church will probably slide along on the begging proposition, tho those who scimpingly bring their pennies spend dollars for soft drinks and candy every week they live. With the spark of new life kindled within them, they stand at an altar rail and take the vows of Christian discipleship. God offers them peace, such as the world can never give, here and now, and in the world to come he offers them the sweeping glories of

unfading bliss and eternal life. And for this, the kingly hope of immortal life, the endless enjoyment of life Divine, and the crowning promise of all creation, they come, week by week, and give God a nickel or a dime. All of it seems like mockery and bespeaks a devitalized Christianity.

No, it is no wonder we have no Wesleys and Whitefields, no Wyclifs and Luthers, no Calvins, and no Knoxes. No wonder the masses drift by our doors unconcerned, and our children grow up without faith and without God. Ask the man on the street where a church is, and he'll tell you he doesn't know. Nor will he make any bones about admitting the church has nothing for him. All week long the cathedral doors are locked, and the musty air within parallels the life that has long since faded away. Not so much as a sign on the outside specifying even the time of the services, or the particular denomination represented. There is something about the whole affair not conducive to the stranger passing by. The dark isolation doesn't appeal to him, so he goes to the playhouse where bright lights cheerfully invite him in.

Ah, me, but I feel what I am saying now. With a couple of shipmates one Wednesday night in a city on the Eastern Coast, I ventured in a church at the suggestion that a dim light over the door brought to me. With a look of disapproval one good brother finally eased over

our way and told us that they were to have a business session and that no service was to be held. Out we went, wondering when the church will do business on a business basis. Put lights about the door. Make it bright. Spend some money on driving away the grave-like gloom that is murdering the church. In the name of God, make people feel they're welcome in the church of God. The world is full of tired hearts, and they'll come when they're gone after. Jesus never lacked an audience. Paul always had a crowd. They drove miles to hear St. Bernard of Clairvaux, and he made kings tremble beneath his preaching. Put signs, put lights, put bill boards over your doors and people will come. Get a band and play wide awake music, and get a living God before the attention of your people, and they'll come. But let me say it again, get light in the churches.

But the trouble is not with the faith of Christ. His message is still the only hope of this forsaken world. After all has been said about this Christ, He still remains the lone ideal, carrying His cross over Golgotha's hill. Some spend all their time arguing that Christ is like God, and condemning others for proclaiming that God is like Christ. Some with a distasteful mathematical precision spend all their energies telling us that Christ and God are not only like each other, but both the same identical person. Others put forth their thesis that He stands merely a good man, with no

more divinity than any other man. And so run the shameful conflicts that have made the church a house of many factions, while the great outside has never had any concern one way or another—they wait to be told the story of how to live. All of us here agree that the Christ remains the "way, the truth and the life," and that He and God must be much alike. Yes He is Divine, more Divine than any other and the hope of worth while living is found beneath the shadows of the Cross, where the "gleaming ideal becomes continually the everlasting real." But it is not ours to waste our time and life in arguments, we are here to die for a cause.

The magnetic pull of things beyond is as true as ever, and the prophet that holds this sceptre will sway its power. The philosophy of Jesus is still a keen, insistent, heart-shaking program. The supremacy of Christ is still the verdict of those who have learned His faith. Man's concern in life's to-morrow knows no better ideal than the Christ. He it is that ties our longing hearts up to things eternal. We cannot give Him up without losing all, for if we "Abolish the Cross in the world, we make impossible the Christ in man." But we need His faith. No modern concoctions will do. The challenge of the early church with the irresistible devotion of its followers is what we need. The passion of a John the Baptist calling a recreant world to judgment would do a transcendent work for

the present-day, weak-kneed church. Man is still religious, and will still answer to the call of God's forever if it comes within hearing distance. We don't need to change Christianity, we only need to put it into practice to see it work.

We come now to point out more definitely the germinal causes of a defeated Christianity in America. The purity of childhood soon gives place to the complexities of mature life. Nor is it less true with religion. The charismatic sooner or later is very apt to give place to the institutional. Small beginnings carry only small problems, but the magnitude of the problems increase with the growth that follows small beginnings. This was true with the early church. The vivid memory of Jesus had hardly become history in the minds of His followers before they fell into disputes and controversies. And to-day this is our trouble. We need to get back—back to the vigorous faith of the days of Christ. This will make big preachers and mighty churches. If it won't, we might just as well quit the game and acknowledge that we're beaten.

Preachers have left off echoing the throbbing appeals of Christ. They seem speaking to be heard when they ought to be inciting conflict. They deal out nice rounded sentences, but they say a deal of dark things when one compares them with the Christ. They stand in the Holy place, but the messages fall like powerless

missiles and bring little or no return. Often they apologize for the very truths that have come down thru the centuries blazing and flashing like sparks from God. They hesitate to deal out the thunders of a coming day of doom while they make Christian living a weak-kneed, star-gazing affair.

It is not for me to tell other preachers what to preach, for as I said in the beginning I doubt whether I could do any better; but one thing is sure, there is need of something. And as I have summed up the problem, I think I can put it all in three gripping words. Let the pulpit begin again to preach on "Remember Eternal Things," and then we can look for daybreak everywhere. But to fling out three little words will never stir the dead unless they are shot thru and thru with private personal prayer that has tears in its eyes and sobs in its throat.

Down in the dynamo room one day I held my knife in the fields of the generator merely to feel it pull. When I took it away it was a powerful magnet itself, and so it remained for months. It was held in the realm where electricity was doing the work it was purposed to perform, and by contagion it carried away a bit of power. The preacher, then, who would attract men must hold himself in the fields where the cross currents and interflux of Divine activity are at work. No man can spend time here without feeling the "pull"; and, if he stays there long enough, no man can listen to him

preach without feeling the same pull. Truth must bridge the intervening gap by men. Our ideals must be clothed in the living personality of ourselves. Religion is life and must be seen as such. The preacher must spend some time in the garden ere he learns the language of the Divine. To carry a cross is one thing, but to carry a cross under whose burden you'll fall is quite another, but so did our Master before us. It will be no little matter to carry our century to the cross and push it in the Holy shadow, but it must be done even if we tumble beneath the load. All this sounds strange, but the very strangeness of it reminds us how long we have been away from it.

Nor am I pleading for long-haired fanatics. I want to see men with the mind of a philosopher and the heart and soul of a Christ in the pulpit. We need men with profound thought and rational insight, but men with deep tides of emotion running in and tugging at their hearts,—men who not only know, but men who feel. Our lack in all this may account for the religious status of to-day. We need great men of that thunder shocking type, and we need great men who work as quietly as the morning sun dispels the shades of night.

Then, too, the church has failed to keep pace with modern life. Progress in the church has always had to fight a needless battle with a Christless conservatism. Organs and instruments of music caused more than one shameful

controversy in the midst of those who so strenuously "contended for the faith once and for all given to the saints." And to-day we need now to make our services a bit more "snappy" if we ever expect to reach the snappy youth of our land. We've got to drive the "spooks" from our temples and love the light enough to let some of it beautify the church of God. Again, put lights at the doorways. Advertise, advertise, and then put more lights at the doorways. Do the job so well that every schoolboy will be able to point out the church and tell you its name and denomination. We need some good, "snappy" red blood to sing in the choir, for earnest resolve has too often been lulled to sleep by the chants of the dead. A few Chinese tom-toms might keep the "week end sleepers" attentive in the future, but at any rate make the church attractive.

And in keeping with this make the message attractive. It would be a blessing if an angel from heaven could blot out of memory some of the worn out phraseology that preachers and people continue to use,—phraseology that serves no purpose but to misguide the stranger within the gates.

Another germinal cause of this apathy lies in the fact that we have admitted an unmanageable bulk who lack religious life. No, we do not need a church trial to get rid of them—our task is rather to take up our belated task and remake them children of the Christ. If we

were to measure the church by the midweek prayer service, it would be a mighty sorry story for us to tell. In a far-famed New York church, whose preacher is known from coast to coast, I found the prayer service numbering not more than sixty people two weeks in succession.

The call of the great up-to-date outside amusement world is not to be forgotten. Its siren songs lure the tip-toe expectancy of the young and make them welcome in their doors. Nor are we to condemn them as institutions, as has been the folly of so many otherwise wholesome divines. We should be merely concerned with keeping them clean and helpful as places of recreation. As far as the dance proposition is concerned, it must still be said that it carries shadows that portend a stifling of spirituality. But the best answer to all these things is for the church to measure up to her divine task and attract men to the attractive Christ by a magnetism bought with sacrifice and spiritual devotion.

But more subtle than all else we find the problem of education. Religion is a peculiar disposition of the human heart naturally drawn to things ideally true, but materially unseen. Religion lives in the thought world. The future, then, of our faith stands or falls to a great degree with what we teach our coming generations as they come up thru our system of education. At this point we are culpably deficient. We need a church school to work in

conjunction with the public school. It must be a creditable institution, but this we can do if the people will take their religion seriously and contribute of their earthly substance according as God prospers them. In the higher branches we have the church colleges and universities to climax the work. For the most part, however, these have become traitors to their trust and have failed to teach religion. The fact that our schools yearly turn loose on the world uncounted thousands of men who have been reared, raised and educated with no place for religion will go a long way to explain why Christianity to-day seems decadent.

It's a pitiable fact that colleges and universities that owe their existence to some Christian church have been emphasizing pagan and materialistic philosophies to the exclusion of a strong type of Christian Theism. Seed sown in this field will take whole generations of vigorous sacrifice to nil such influences. We need to look into what Christless professions are teaching our children from our homes. It is suicidal for the church to foot the bills of institutions of learning that silently and inevitably weaken our faith.

But we must mention the prevalent idea of social service abroad in the world as a germinal cause of our present-day spineless Christianity. I raise no word against this humanitarian program that has already meant so much to the world, but I do say the church can never handle

complexities of human life in jobbing lots. Individuals remain, and ever will continue to do so, individuals: John Smith and Dick Jones can never be handled in the same way. The church has made a fatal mistake to forget the individual as such and clamor for the types. The pulpit needs once again the personal note that put both a sting and salvation in the preaching of Jesus. Man is not a commodity for an abstract world to juggle with. Nor is he a staircase over which generations are climbing to a destiny. He stands, not the means, but the end, and everything stands or falls with what he does. Growing out of this blunder, the church has been putting a lot of her time and energy into legislation when she should be sweating blood at her divine task of redeeming individual men. If the millions of communicants live right, they will vote as they should, and all will work together for good. Social service ought not to be reckoned as a new feature of Christianity, for it is a natural by-product. Folly it is, then, for the church to turn away from the supreme task, to spend herself in a work that is only a natural side attaché.

Immigration thru the gates into America has no small influence on her present-day religious life. Columbia, the land of freedom, must ever remain a home of the free and a land of the brave; but America, if she is to continue blessing the world down thru the coming genera-

tions, must look well to the order of her house and take measures to guarantee her permanence. We would do well in this country to spend a quarter of a century making Americans out of the bulky mass of hyphenated foreigners now within our gates. The air hangs heavy with threatening clouds in this regard. It would be a Christian protection to safeguard the future of America by closing* the gates for the present. It is said that there are now seventy-three heathen temples dedicated on American soil, and one need but to spend a month in Los Angeles or Boston to find every pagan cult worshipping in our domains. This, too, has something to do with the powerlessness of present-day Christianity.

It would be impossible to go on enumerating the germinal causes, but we must not forget to say a word for Christian mysticism. Call me the roll of the outstanding fathers of our faith, and point them out one by one as being mystics. Jesus himself would begin the list. Oh, give us back our tears and our childlike trust in things unseen. We are drifting to seed intellectually, and the heart is growing cold. We need the touch of the mystic to quicken the bones of logical rationalism. We've already figured out too many detailed schemes. The touch that sent Jesus into the hills when Jerusalem went to sleep, that fired the heart of old John Knox with a consuming passion, that

* Written in 1919 before the legislature took up this problem.

framed itself into the immortal words, "Give Scotland or let me die"; the touch that moved the tongue of St. Bernard of Clairvaux to say, "Jesus, the very thought of Thee, with sweetness fills the breast"; the spark that made humble, rough-handed fishermen preachers for nineteen centuries to remember; the fire that flung divine truth thru the tears of Moody to kindle multiplied thousands of restless humanity all anew; the flash that came to life in the devotions of an Evans Roberts, who then went out to shake all Wales with a great religious awakening,—here lies the pathway for us to tread. At the end there is the crowning glory of redemption, but we must needs go by the way of a real Golgotha. It is ours to shine—tho the price of shining, is burning. Jesus the Christ set us the pace, and it is ours but to follow. "But where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere since He died on Golgotha? I dreamed of Him lately—that great Son of God. I saw Him in the world beyond, still carrying a heavy cross, and I said, 'Whither now, oh Galilean?' And He turned that great face of His toward me and said, 'To the place of the skull, for there is the cross.' What if He goes on and on, suffering and dying again and again?" It's a dream, but how like the Christ the picture is! We need that spirit; for, if we "abolish the cross in the world, we make impossible the Christ in man."

CHAPTER VI

"THE DYNAMIC OF THE AGES"

Text: "I remembered God."—Psalm 77: 3.

Man is a thinking being. He lives and moves in a world of thought. But of all the thoughts that quicken and disturb the soul and mind of man there is none greater than the thought of God. This idea* is, and always has been, the powerhouse of human achievement, human endeavor, and world progress. The evolution and uplift of the human race has but kept pace with man's increasing intuition of the nature and purpose of his Maker. Of course there are those who feel their own personal worth to such an extent that they hold themselves to be superior to this acknowledgment. Little time need be given to such, for their words are without knowledge and their life is not to be taken very seriously. Like high school students they dream that they alone can explain the world, but they forget the fact that a little knowledge is dangerous business. It would be humorous, were it not pathetic, to read of the junior in college who began his thesis by saying that he must first clear the Universe of God and then start in to see what he could find. Descartes,

* See "Work of Religion in History," page 11 ff.—Dr. Hocking.

the philosopher, tried to doubt his own self, but suddenly awoke to the fact that the thing he aimed to deny existence was the subject of the denying. Try as we will, we can never get away from either ourselves or God. With this said, we turn to the facts that ought to interest thoughtful people.

Origin of Man's Idea of God.—The mystical adventure of the Galilean Jesus began in a very common-place way, but to-day He holds in spiritual mastership sixty generations of mankind. The Divine contribution that He made to the world was a new interpretation of an idea as old as man. Perhaps it would be more nearly correct to say that he brought a fuller and clearer representation. At any rate the idea of Deity antedates every philosopher and religious reformer in the annals of the human race. In the grey dawn of a veiled antiquity, according to the records that have come down to us, the greatest thought that stirred the intellect of early man was God. Nor was it, as some have maintained, the product of reflection, for we know that man was religious ages before he became a synthetic thinker or systematized philosopher. When man first appeared on the scene, however or wherever that may have been, he might have said as Eckhart said but a generation ago, "God is nearer to me than I am to myself, He is just as near to wood and stone, but they are not aware of it." At

this point let me say something else. If you can trace the idea of God back to man when he first came upon the scene, it is equally true that it is always traceable to the deepest and best convictions that man ever had. "In the beginning God"—this is the opening sentence in the world's best book on religion. It is the final truth in all philosophy as well. Within its meaning lies the abiding identity and sustainer of the entire world of reality. It is the first and last assumption in all geological investigation. It stands in the background of all science. It is the author, purpose, dynamic, inspiration and meaning of all humanity.

At this point it is to be said that we are not contending that man in the early dawn of history possessed a fully developed idea of God. This was not the case. In the time of the childhood of the human race man possessed crude notions and fanciful understandings. Especially was this true in religion. Gods were fairy-like institutions to some of the earlier tribes. In the case of the Semitic nations there was a tendency to consider God as a personal being, while to the Hebrews he has never been anything else. But whether it was God or Gods, fetishes or a personal being, the idea is as old as man. In other words, what I mean to say is just this, "As our earth moves under the influence of forces lying beyond itself, so our human life is moving under the influence of ideas that have their roots in the invisible."

Back of all the heavy clouds of sorrow, trouble, and mystery, there lies buried in the consciousness of man a God to cling to and adore. One of the most outstanding facts in all the Old Testament is that no question is ever raised about the existence of a deity. As Dr. Knudson says, "That God or Gods existed was universally assumed." The Hebrew writers nowhere attempt to prove the existence of their Maker. It is a fact that the original founders of the human race came upon the stage of history with a meaningful idea of a God. As far as we know, concomitant with the first dawn of consciousness, there was a warm religious disposition in the human heart. Both seemed to emerge at the same time, and they have continued down thru history in holy union.

The Compelling and Restless Dynamic Behind the Wheels of Progress.—Rooting back into the idea of a God, we find the forces that make men, unite nations, and that keep the wheels of progress on the go. A common God in the beginning days of the peoples of the earth was the unifying principle that created tribes and separated the nations of mankind. The Amorites, Hittites, Moabites, and Hebrews rallied about the standards of their respective Gods. It was this idea that made them a people, that urged them to conquests, and that gave them customs by which to live. The restless and disturbing passion in man that never will be

still is religion. It has always been the driving thought at work in the world. It made the slaves of the Egyptian taskmasters a rebellious people and in the end an immortal and never-to-be-forgotten nation of Hebrews. Dogging along the wheels of progress is man's eternal quest for God. Is there anything in life of pre-eminent value that does not root back into this idea for its origin? As Bowne, the philosopher, puts it, "Religion may be a mistake, an illusion, a superstition, but as an historical fact it is undeniable." In like manner it may be said that religion, whether fanciful or reasonable, has always been the source and origin of human betterment and development. It eternally whips mankind along toward the ideal.

In the case of music, does not history hark back to the religious frenzy of the tom-tom beaters in their attempt to keep the dragon from swallowing up the moon, and beyond them does it not find its beginning in the religious dances of primæval man? In recent times we have Mozart, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and a score of others; but who is there that would presume to say that their immortal melodies are entirely devoid of religious inspiration? Did not Haydn when he finished his "Creation" say, "It came from above"? Is harmony the creation of a human brain or the sublime expression of the Divine in man? Surely the latter pays the greater tribute.

Nor can there ever be a question about

literature having as its beginning and source the inspiration of religion. This truth is seen in the precious documents that have come down to us from the earliest time. If we are to take what the scholarship of to-day tells us, the oldest bit of literature that the modern world possesses, is the song of Deborah. It begins with praising the Lord of Israel and carries the same strain thruout. Then too it reflects back on the question of music as was contended for in the preceding paragraph. The outstanding masterpieces of the literary pen are cases to the point. Recall Bunyon with his "Pilgrim's Progress." Read Milton's "Paradise Lost." Nor has there ever been a truly great work of fiction that did not turn on the problem of sin and righteousness. It is seen in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and portrayed vividly in Victor Hugo's greatest novel, "Les Miserables." It runs thru all the classics like the red cord in the cable of the British Navy. Tempered with remorse and shame it gleams from the pages of the "Scarlet Letter." The Oration of Demosthenes on "The Crown" begins with an earnest prayer. The opening lines of the Grecian Iliad are framed in the form of a religious supplication.

When we take up the matter of art,* the story is about the same. Can we not trace it to the remote images of religious adoration,

* "Religion I shall say, according to this vague figure, is the mother of arts."—Dr. Hocking.

idols that were used in the religious childhood of the race? Its early beginnings, are they not to be seen in the rugged and ragged lines carved in the caskets of the dead? At Gisa there is to-day the remnant of the Sphinx, a piece of sculptural design that tells the story of religious art in ancient times. The ruins of temples and cathedrals everywhere in history silently affirm the inspiration of early art to be religion. This truth is cut in the everlasting tombs of Northern Africa. In the world of painting it is no less the same. Is there anything to compare with the master canvasses like "The Last Supper," "The Master" and "The Crucifixion"? Did Cobb* ever give to the world anything more Divine than his picture of the "Christ"?

We have already suggested that cathedrals in history have been more or less closely allied with religion. This now brings us to the question of architecture. Here again we stumble on the fact that this too roots back into the idea of a God. It began in the fevered fervor of mastering spiritual ideals. Egyptian civilization, venerable with hoary age fifty centuries before the Christian era, builded structures that have come down to modern times. Whatever may be said about these Pyramids, their mystery and masonry stand an immortal monument to the gripping idealism of the Egyptian

* Labored on this production for nearly thirty years,—the inspiration of his whole life.

and his religious faith. The Hebrews tell us of their Solomon's temple. Then too there are the ruins of Babylon and Persia that remind us of their spiritual faith. In the case of the Greeks, it was under the administration of Pericles that they built their Parthenon Temple on the Acropolis at Athens. With the Romans, the most perfect structure that has come down to us is their Pantheon, a temple with religious significance. And in our times is there anything to surpass the cathedrals in Europe?

But, turning away from the world of materialism, there is much more to say concerning the relation between religion and ethics. The idea of an ethical God is the spring back into which every system of ethics roots for its beginning. Morality at its source is a product of religion. It is the religious code of the Hebrew people that declares, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," etc. Our modern courts may not seem very religious, but the boodle politician, the red-handed assassin, the robber, the thief, and the outlawed bootlegger, as well as the so-called atheists and infidels, when they come before the bar of justice—they take their oath on the book of our religious faith, thereby tacitly admitting the ethical implication of our religion. It would be a difficult task to divorce moral righteousness completely from the idea of an ethical God. Nor would it be overstating the case to say that the moral powerhouse of

the world reaches back into a meaningful religion.

Close akin to the forgoing is the story of systematized thought. From the same wholesome background comes philosophy as natural product of religion. Take from this noble science religious inspiration in all its phases, and there would be little left to attract the attention of thoughtful people. By such a decree we would eliminate Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. We would do away with Homer and Pindar, lose Descartes, Berkeley, and pass up Immanuel Kant. There would be no place for William James or Professor Royce, and Emerson would be forgotten. Then, too, we would miss the keen, insistent and heart shaking truths of Borden P. Bowne and Professor Hocking. All those who are, or ever have been, worthy of their position in the world of thought would be beyond our reach. Philosophy without its Absolute would be a tangled mass of dark sayings that carried no meaning.

Whether we like it or not, education is a biproduct of religion. It is especially true in the case of Christianity. In Raymond's report we read that "Universities and colleges in some of the earlier statutes of Queen Elizabeth are spoken of as having an ecclesiastical character; . . . most or all of their members were persons in priests' orders." To think of Notre Dame is but to remember Abelard. The University of Naples, founded by Frederick the Second, came

into existence primarily to teach theology. The theologian Robert Pullen in 1133 began a course of lectures on the Bible, and from that meager beginning we to-day have Oxford University. Cambridge University problably came into being thru the educational work done by the canons of the church of St. Giles. And so runs the record of the beginnings of educational institutions on the continent. The same principle is traceable in the early schools of the Hebrew people, they had the schools for the prophets. It was the attraction that gathered to the feet of Socrates the students of an ancient Greece. Even the Arabian schoolmaster had his catechism to be studied. In our Western world the case is parallel. Harvard and Yale Universities are children of the Congregational church. Columbia is the offspring of Episcopalianism, Princeton was founded by the Presbyterians, and Brown owes its origin to the Baptist church. Outside of the State Universities, and even these gained their inspiration from the universities abroad, someone has said that eighty percent of all the reputable colleges in the country owe their source to some religious denomination. Girard College in Philadelphia is the only institution that is absolutely separated from all forms of religious organizations. But even this has been considered as a negative reaction from a too fanatical faith. It was Goethe, the German thinker, that gave us the key to this parallelism when he said, "Man loves

to investigate what can be investigated and silently adores the things that cannot be explained." Finding God and gaining knowledge thus run hand in hand.

It seems then a warranted assertion to say that the driving and compelling thought at work in the world is tangled up in religious restlessness.

To-day it is, as it always has been, the spring from which everything comes that makes life worth while.

To-day in the teeming activity of the business and industrial world integrity is still a quality of surpassing value. It harks back with no uncertain sounds to Moses declaring to the Israelites, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly before thy God." All civilized law rests upon the ideal expressed in the prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Everything of pre-eminent value comes to us from the idea of God.

America is the product of the unexpressed longings of the human soul,—longings that drove the Puritans from a burdened land out over the adventure of a trackless deep where they might in freedom worship God. This nation that we love came into being in the holy shadow of the Cross of Christ. Its ideals are his ideals. And just here it is to be said that she is only as permament as she remains true to the principles that gave her birth. It is a

commendable thing to have this great Western Republic called Christian. In all the world is there a country that roots back into a holier sentiment than this:

"Our Father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing,
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light
Protect us by Thy might
Great God, Our King."

The virtuous institution of the home, like everything else of worth in life, reaches back to the customs of a religious people. It is founded on the idea of holy love and has its origin in the Deuteronomic code. But were it not for the exalted spiritual idealism there would be no love—sensuous passion would take its place.

In the case of the sanctity of human life it is the same. In the day when bloodshed and warfare were commended and the annihilation of the enemy was held to be an ideal there came a Galilean Preacher contending for the sacredness of human life. That was nineteen centuries ago. But to-day in all the reaches and stretches of civilization* it is the outstanding fact, sworn to and pledged for by every nation on the earth.

* Whenever we see the traffic of a city clear for the speeding ambulance, we may well pause in tribute to the subtle influence of that Galilean who nineteen centuries ago proclaimed the sacredness of human life.

A Jesus in a Sermon on the Mount proclaimed that only "The pure in heart shall see God." From that day till this virtue has been a cardinal point in the moral demands of all people. Nor is there anything that will safeguard the purity of the on-coming generations like the inspiration of the churches of religion. One may point to times when they stumbled away from their mission, but, be that as it may, the church has always been the holiest institution of her age.

It is from the idea* of God that man has acquired a faith in immortality. Take this from life, and the sweetest springs of holy inspiration would turn to bitter gall. Faith in a real God predicates a full warrant for personal permanence.

And so we might continue to catalogue all the values of human experience and lay bare their relation to this dynamic of the ages. But let me say that the ideals of life know none bigger than religion. In the Mid-Victorian age, when the scientific circles seemed to be discrediting religious faith by their findings, there came a widespread skepticism. Then Arthur Hallam, the English historian, died. Tennyson felt the loss of this friendship so keenly, he wrote his "In Memoriam." Shortly after it was published Professor Sidgwick said, "It impressed upon us

* At least the two ideas of God and Immortality have been inseparably tangled up together in their history.

the ineffable conviction that humanity will not and cannot rest in a godless world." It is the passion that makes H. G. Wells say, "Religion is the first thing and the last thing."*

Of course there is a certain type of man to be found about the world whose self importance is so big that they feel themselves superior to the fundamentals of religion. But listen to me! Their life is but the sucking of a parasite upon the world in which they live. Everything that is decent about them, the civilization of their day, the education they have received, and the moral code they follow, all alike are products of religion.† Art, music, literature, ethics, philosophy, home and the sacredness of human life come to them from the warm affection in the ideal of a God. All this with selfish greed they seize, but like fools they pay no tribute to the author of their lives and the giver of all perfect gifts. When you hear a man say he has no time for the church, be charitable enough to pity him for his ignorance; but remember, if there is anything decent about him in morals or life, it is a product of the institution that he boastfully ignores.

Remember God!—If this should happen to be

* "Mr. Britling sees it thru."

† The spiritual Buildings of Buddha, Mohammed, and Jesus are permanent contributions, as Dr. Hocking says, "The deeds of the mystics constitute the hard facts of history; the rest has its day and passes." To religion we owe much more than we shall perhaps ever understand.

my last sermon, I could not call attention to a greater theme. Remember God! If you will make a place in your life for Him, you will attach to your living a dignity sublime. You can be a co-worker together with God, if you will but make the choice. His thoughts you can think after Him. The mighty thinkers have been those who kept the thought of God continually in their minds. Who can recall the life of Sir Edwin Crookes, one of the world's greatest chemists, without remembering his personal religious piety and worth. The greatest living physicist, Sir Oliver Lodge, possesses a life with a warm and compelling spiritual charm. He speaks for science and frankly tells us that the tendency of modern science is toward religion if it is toward anything. Lord Kelvin's name is the badge of authority in nearly every field of the scientific world, but that wonderful life of his was definitely committed to the spiritual mastership of his Maker. The dean of the faculty of science at Edinburgh, Sir James Geikie, has always been impatient and disgusted with the irreligious and anti-Christian thinkers; he called them "scatterbrained chatterboxes and zealous fanatics." To remember God surely puts us in some wholesome company. To forget God, to live, and plan, and work without Him is a serious mistake. I can give you no better advice than to ask you to remember God. This done, moral righteous-

ness will be yours, and further than this nothing else matters much.

But it is so easy to forget Him. To be lost in a spiritual sense we need but do nothing. Religion and its rewards are not given away. They are crystallized in the hot blast of human experience and wrought out in the eternal conflict of the soul. God is often most clearly discerned with eyes that are filled with tears. You cannot find God with a low level life. He lives in the exalted reaches of spiritual idealism. If memory carries obscene pictures and the record of contemptible deeds, the full meaning of God will never break in upon your soul. Wrongs must be righted and sins must be forgiven. Without an eye man would never know there was such a thing as light. Without a spiritual longing in your soul you may live and die and never know that God exists. Everything that makes life worth while comes from God. He can make that little life of yours as sweet as the dew from heaven. He can transform that little helpless will of yours into masterful convictions and eternal passions. There is no bigger thought that can crowd into your mind than the thought of God. "Men, if you would live forever, follow me," this was the challenge of a military officer to his men in the days of a bygone warfare. But after everything is said and done, there is but one way to truly live* forever.

* The warrant for permanence in anything is worth—if a man lives forever, it is because of just this.

Augustine, the great Catholic Saint, said, "I seek for God in order that my soul may live." Neighbor and friend listen to me! If you want to live forever, "Remember God."

He is the maker of all that is, the inspiration of every noble endeavor, the dynamic of the ages and the author and finisher of our faith. Commit your way unto Him and He shall direct thy path. Furthermore, this is life eternal* that you might know Him, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent. At the end of life may it be yours to say with the Psalmist, "I remembered God."

† St. John 17: 3.

CHAPTER VII

PREACHING, ITS FOOLISHNESS AND POWER

Reluctant tho we be, sincerity forces upon us the admission that there is something to be said about the foolishness in preaching. A frank and open-hearted word may not be without some wholesome profit and reactionary value. I have often wondered what prompted the great Apostle to attach this strange qualification to his word about preaching when he wrote to the Corinthian church some several centuries ago. Nor can we ever get away from the plain facts in the case. Even an appeal to the original Greek emphasizes the element of foolishness in preaching. Paul must have had good reasons for putting such a word in this connection. Possibly he had heard several preachers preach, and then his rational faculties by careful analytical reflection brought home to him the truth of the contention. Could he to-day hear the discordant variations of creeds and dogma, he might possibly say something stronger than foolishness about preaching.

This is not an idea to say something novel or to stir up an argument. The world that follows grows out of a very sincere regard for the business of the Kingdom of God on the earth. The work of preaching is my task, and I feel not a

little condemned under the verdict that I render. During the last four years I have been privileged to attend services in all denominations in seaport towns and cities, ranging from New England to Florida and from Los Angeles to Canada, to say nothing about foreign ports and the Islands of the sea. In other words it has been mine to have a bird's-eye look at this preaching about which I want to say something. I am not prompted by cynicism, orthodoxy, or heterodoxy, but by a deep concern for the welfare of the multiplied thousands who make up the communicant members of Christendom. The church is the moral and spiritual powerhouse of the world, and I will not be the cynic to throw stones at such a sacred institution. Nor would I build fires upon which to burn heretics, a procedure which is neither convincing to the intellect nor satisfying to the heart. Nor do I have a yardstick by which to measure the rightness or wrongness of orthodoxy in terms of some mechanical creed, for religion is a strong disposition of the human heart which finds a deep spiritual incentive in the thought that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself."

Let us turn, then, to the fact of the foolishness in preaching. Perhaps nowhere in all the realms of oratory can we find more flat contradictions than just here. In one city I listened to a masterful sermon which contended that the "leaven of the kingdom" was a symbol of the undefiled spirit of Almighty God. The same

night in the same city another masterful sermon was preached on a kindred theme wherein it was logically contended that leaven represents a process of decay and defilement. There you have two men in the Holy place actually at swords' points with each other. Each man felt it his bounden duty to criticize the absurdity of the other.

Take, for instance, the preaching in regard to the after world. Some preachers tell us there is an intermediate state for the dead where the doors are locked until the resurrection. Others would have the dead unconscious in the grave until a judgment cataclysm comes to wake them. Then there are those who contend for the immediate entrance of the soul into the land of beauteous sunlight at the moment of death. There are churches whose pulpit continually warns the flock that their chances of heaven are slim unless they accept the doctrine of a second physical return of Jesus. Over against this view is the idea that the coming of Jesus is a spiritualization of the kingdom's gradual coming. The former condemn the latter as heretics, and the latter reply that the doctrine of the former is "wooden and spectacular." The former tell us that Christ will come again "with power and great glory, riding on the clouds." The latter insists that the kingdom of God will not come with "observation" or as a heavenly circus, for the reason that the kingdom is within us. A physical resurrection is contended for by some

and laughed at by others. The destiny of the wicked dead, some preachers inform us, will be in a lake of fire and brimstone where they will suffer forever and forever. Others assert that annihilation is the price of the wages of sin. Then there are philanthropic souls that would have us believe that there will be a second chance for the lost in the land of life's to-morrow. Universalism goes one better by contending that all men, good, bad and indifferent, will be saved. And the queer fact in this tangle is that all of the varying ideas assert that they are the correct interpretation of the Scriptures.

Not long ago I listened to an earnest sermon on the appalling need of a mediator. The preacher painted a picture of a God so terrifically great that hearts fluttered with nervousness under the appeal. He brought out the fact that he himself was afraid to meet God in such glory, and then rejoiced in the dogma that Christ would be there to plead his cause. Only a few Sundays later I heard the same man preach on the wonderful Love of God. Here with a warm heart he pictured a Father-God that any child would willingly run to without a flicker of fear.

On the West Coast, where the Japanese problem is seemingly always in the minds of the people, I heard two preachers have their say in a Sunday night sermon. One bigotedly asserted that America had made a mistake in this regard, and climaxed his appeal with the freezing

prophecy that we would pay for the blunder sometime in the future with the full toll of fresh American blood. The other logically made out a case that would soothe and allay any worrying mind by contending that the radical newspapers were responsible for the whole "infernal" affair. In like manner one church will declare itself for the poor laborer, wink at his infractions of the law, and attempt to justify him in his use of the bludgeon of brute force. While on the other hand there are churches that cry out for law and order and insist upon the rights of American citizens under the binding oaths of the Constitution of the United States.

We hear sermons that emphasize faith to such an extent that there is no practical value to good works. Then again we often hear the doctrine of good works preached by the same preacher to the exclusion of faith. Regardless of the merits or demerits that may characterize orthodoxy or heterodoxy, the plain bald fact in the matter is that all the great truths of creeds are preached all too often in a contradictory style. One prophet will wax eloquent in preaching on redemption by the blood, and vigorously contend that we are saved because Christ was killed like a calf to satisfy the abstract demands of God's abstract righteousness. Another will turn from such in disgust, avowing that it is a "substitution that doesn't substitute," and proclaiming that it is a heathenish idea that maligns the Christian conception of a Father-God,

and then contends that we are saved by the truth revealed in the life and death of Jesus.

Then, again, who has not grown tired of the endless and fruitless conflict over the person of Christ. Great and good men on both sides of the fence take issue with each other. One claims that Christ is like God, and the other that God is like Christ. We are told by some that Christ was transcendently one with God, while others would have us believe that we can be one with God even as Christ was one with God. And the pity of the matter is that, arguing* over the sublime life of Jesus, creeds have murdered saints in Inquisitions, hanged heretics on gallows, and burned choice spirits at the stake. And still to-day there are preachers who willingly consign to the fires of an endless hell all those who refuse to swallow their dogma. To fall into disputations on the abstract person of the Christ is to drift far afield from the spirit of the Galilean who went about doing good and preaching the challenge of things eternal. As a matter of fact, the only unkind words He ever spoke were to the Sadducees and Pharisees, who spent their time and energy arguing on the question of a resurrection. His gospel was simple, and he made no candidate repeat a creed

*To this very day this silly backwash of orthodoxy vs. heterodoxy argumentation continues. Take, for instance, the present day unchristian sarcasm and backbiting evidenced by both premillenarians and their doctrinal opponents. It is high time that the church world read and practiced the suggestions so ably put by Dr. J. H. Jowett in his book, "Things that Matter Most."

of confession to be his follower. He was only anxious that men should love God with all their heart and their neighbor as themselves.

Nor is the case different in the case of the Trinity.* Here we are told by some that it is to be understood as three aspects of the Divine activity, while others would have us believe that there are three distinct beings mystically held to be but one. The story of this conflict in opinions has been baptized in blood. Nor has either side yet been proven, one way or another, to be true or false, tho there is infinitely more written in theology than is ever stated in the Holy Book. Then too we have a binitarian idea as well as a unitarian† idea, both asserting the declarations of their particular creed and dogma as the truth.

How often have we heard preachers consign other preachers to the nether regions because they are skeptically inclined about the virgin birth of Christ. On the other hand, equally good men hold that such a dogma is not necessary to soul salvation. Reflect a moment on the life and thought of preachers, and you will see that there are some who know all there is to be known, while others, perhaps a little more

* Might just as well explain, or attempt to explain, electricity as to attempt to demonstrate the Trinity.

† The blunder of the Unitarians consists in the fact that they put their emphasis on a polemic for their creed of reaction against orthodoxy. They keep no fires burning on their altars for the human heart—and they have pushed God a little too far back into the shadows of unfeeling rationalism.

profound in their thinking, suggest that in some things they are humble agnostics. They hesitate to speak without knowledge for fear of putting forth more dark sayings in addition to those we already have.

The soliloquy of the theological Hamlet runs like this, "Predestination, foreknowledge, or freedom, that is the question. Whether it is nobler to explain the world like the cogwheels in a clock, or to follow human experience and trust in freedom. To be an Arminian or Calvinist, and then to take up arms against each other and by opposing throw choice bits of profanity or Papal bulls and anathemas around—anything but end the heartaches and the thousand natural shocks and troubles that flesh is heir to. To preach Christ, to be good, that is the question, but, if we do that, we will not have the time to argue how many angels can dance on the point of a pin or how Christ or the Trinity are put together. To fight over old or new creeds, to split churches and start new ones, this is the consummation devoutly to be wished, for are not these the things that will stand us in good stead when we have shuffled off this mortal coil?"

Ridiculous as it is, it explains to a very great extent where a great portion of the Christian energy has been expended in the history of the church. It doesn't make much difference on which side of the fence we are, we preach always like Arminians and pray like unrelenting

Calvinists. When a preacher turns, like many did in the trying days of a world war, to preach on the Divine sovereignty of God, they say much that will not jibe with their revival sermons on free will.

In the metropolis of the East I listened to a preacher contend that the world is to grow worse and worse until the end of the age, and on the next Sunday evening drank in a sermon that proclaimed the optimistic doctrine that goodness was gradually gaining a worthwhile triumph. On the West Coast I heard a preacher expounding the doctrine of conversion wherein he asserted that God works a mysterious and definite miracle whenever a man penitently seeks salvation. In that church no one had any doubts but that some internal reaction was the sure sign that God had redeemed forever the soul of the seeker.

At another time I listened to the opposite from the pulpit of the same denomination where faith was held to be the supreme requisite, regardless of feelings or reactions. By one organization we must be immersed in water, only this method is efficacious, while another church informs us that the method has always been a question, at the same time calling attention to the spirit of the baptized as the real point of concern. Learned men logically put forth a case for the pre-existence of man, while others equally well schooled vigorously contend for the opposite. Then there are preachers who

hold to the verbal inspiration of the Bible, and over against them is the school of those who are avowedly opposed to such a contention. The former hurriedly consign the latter to hell as false prophets, and the latter laugh with scorn at their opponents' mechanical ignorance.

And so runs the story of the foolishness in preaching. It is little wonder that poor humble church goers sigh again and again as they wonder what they should or should not believe. Furthermore, I rather guess that this intricate tangle of conflicting clerical opinion is what prompted Paul in his letter to the Corinthians to say something about the foolishness of preaching. Whether we like it or not, whether it annoys us or not, it is to be conceded that there is a good deal of downright folly in this business of preaching.

If at this point any one is prone to criticize me for calling attention to the foolishness in preaching, allow me the privilege of reminding such an one that time is the great leveler and will do much to eliminate this distasteful tendency. If such an one holds to pet formulas for salvation, and loudly proclaims a mechanical creed, let him think well as to whether or no he holds full warrant for such schemes. Then too let him remember the crowd he is traveling in. Look back with me to the type of men who assisted in the formulation of much that is or has been held to be orthodox. Read over the his-

tory of their silly and foolish* debates. Take this case for instance: "Theology teaches that there are in God, one essence, two processions, three persons, four relations, five notions, and the circuminsession, which the Greeks call perichoresis." To the open minded it is easy to see a real progress in these matters. A century ago learned men were fighting for abstract dogmas about the person of Christ, and at the same time were running distilleries and fanatically defending the slave trade. Churches were financed by lotteries and were run or built by schemes that are now long since outlawed and forgotten. It was St. Bernard who favored the Inquisition; Bodin, the great legal champion of France, vehemently denounced witchcraft; and the sentence of death was pronounced for the witches by no less a man that Sir Matthew Hale. We have made progress, but to listen to the tangled echoes of different creeds and dogmas that fill the air of the day is to know that we still have a long way to go. Would it be saying too much to say that in the future brevity will be the soul of religious doctrines?

A word now about the source of the foolishness in preaching. This uncanny admission is not to be explained on the basis of any revolutionary idea in thought. It is just a plain, homely, human fact. As long as man remains

* The test of religion is its effect on life. "If the experience of God does not, on the whole, enhance the attachments of human life, one must judge on these principles that the experience is not of God."—Dr. Hocking.

as he is, it is very probable that there will be as wide a diversity in opinions as there are men to possess them. Of course it is true that in the realm of Christian truth we have a book of authority to go by. This wonderful book of God ought to be the rule and guide of our life and conduct. But it is at this very point where we meet the all important question as to who is to do the interpreting. No two men see the meaning of Scripture just alike. Allegory and parable leave a world of possibilities in regard to the matter of interpretation. Anyone conversant with the problem readily recognizes the infinite complexities in the history, law, doctrine, chronology, and eschatology of the Bible. Just where we shall draw the line between literal truth and figures of speech has never yet been fully settled. This fact to a very great degree is responsible for the wide range of different ideas in Christianity. But this fact roots back into the mystery of human nature. Some men are temperamental, hastily leap to conclusions, and with great self assertion vend their wares. Others are intellectually logical, and cold matter-of-fact reasoning governs them in their preaching. Some are superficial and never have any intellectual trouble, for the simple reason that they never see a problem to have trouble with. Those that are philosophical in their make-up hesitate to speak without knowledge. Thus far we have admitted the fact of the foolishness and partially located its source.

It is for us to turn now to the remedy offered for the trouble.

Something must be done to trim down the foolishness in preaching. The preacher that seeks to be an oral newspaper editor sooner or later acquires the spectacular faculties that seem inherent attributes of the press world. To peddle one's ideas may or may not be a good thing in the holy place, that depends upon the far-reaching worth of the ideas for sale. Personal opinions should never parade forth under the guise of a prophet's message—this will weaken the influence of the preacher more than words can tell. This is the Waterloo of many a clergyman.

This is not to be construed as a brief against opinions in the pulpit, it is rather to suggest that opinions alone are not enough. Nor do I mean that opinions should be barred from the pulpit, I only mean that opinions when they get tangled up in a sermon should be labelled as such. To speak on the Japanese question, the capital and labor question, the league of nations question, the atonement question, the virgin birth question, and the thousand other questions of the day, may possibly be nothing more or nothing less than a mere vending of worthless opinions that mean nothing. The pulpit that has nothing to say upon such vital problems might just as well go out of business, but mere opinions are not enough. Personally I feel very deeply in my ideas concern-

ing the problems suggested above; but, owing to the fact that there is but one infallible (?) Pope, I hesitate to decree that all men shall accept my dogma.

All I am contending for is merely the distinguishing between essentials and non-essentials. One thing is true, and that is, that "man is religious." The business of preaching is to cultivate and care for this Godlike capacity of humanity in much the same way as a school teacher is employed to develop and train the intellectual life of the child. Religion is true, and for the preacher, whatever nourishes religious life, whether it be creed, ritual, or opinions, is true. As Goethe put it, "It is the highest happiness of the thinking being to investigate what can be investigated and to silently adore the things that cannot be explained." The preacher is to quicken and develop this lofty human adoration for the Divine. He is to lay emphasis* upon adoring the things that cannot be explained. Science will never wholly satisfy the heart of man, this is left for the prophet of things eternal. Whether we like it or not, the world is a mystery, and as such it is left to religion, the custodian of all mysteries, to reveal the hidden spiritual meanings. For the final meaning of all history, as well as the meaning of all life, are not matters for formal logic, knowledge or proof. In this connection, if we

* In the nature of the case a prophet can not be an authority in politics, his authority runs in the field of religion.

are asked what religion is, we answer it consists in a wholesome disposition of the human heart. To measure it, there is no need to try, we can do no more than admit the fact. Try as we will, we can never bend the religious disposition of the heart to fit a cut-and-dried dogma—the attempt to do just this thing has done more to crowd preaching with foolishness than perhaps anything else.

This is the essential of religion, "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." To do righteousness is of God, to love mercy is in keeping with the ideals of the Galilean Jesus, and to love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, body and strength is the essence of religion. The sole work* of Christ was to reveal the Father and to bring men to God, and that God might be effectively and dynamically revealed there was no other alternative but for Christ to live and suffer and die, at least this much is within the reach of our understanding. Beyond this all the theories of atonement† are words, weak and paltry words without meaning. A moment's reflection will reveal the significance of this truth. If, for fear of being a heretic, we must hold to some one of the many theological trapperies on the Atonement, which one shall we choose? Which one is orthodox? The substitutionary idea, the satisfaction

* Borden P. Bowne, "Studies in Christianity."

† To comprehend such a problem as the atonement, would not finite man have to assume infinite proportions and powers?

theory, the mystical mystery scheme, the vicarious idea, the theory of Abelard, and any number of others,—I say which one shall we choose? Learned and godly men can be found contending for each and every one of them, but after ages of heated debates they still stand, for the most part, abstract theories with a deal of dark sayings. Let those who are bent on forcing God into the tiny cracks and crevasses of abstract reasoning, of the man made variety, continue, if they will. But let us stay by the fundamentals that the Galilean Jesus spent his life in proclaiming. "This is life eternal* that we might know God and Jesus Christ whom He has sent." If we are in His hands, we are safe. "To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." "To obey is better than sacrifice." "The sacrifices of God are a broken and a contrite heart." It is for us to hate the evil and to love the good. Religion is a wholesome disposition† of the human heart, and the highest happiness of the thinking being is to silently adore the things which cannot be explained. This is the essence of religion, and this we have no trouble in understanding. Is there anything more simple and yet more effective than the proclamation of Jesus that we should love God with all our hearts and then love our neighbors as ourselves? And, furthermore, would we not

* St. John. 17 : 3.

† Suggested by Dr. Paulsen's Introductory book in Philosophy.

be better off if we ceased our attempts to analyze the person of Christ by vivisectionary methods and began at once to preach like He did? Thus we see the difference between the essential and the non-essential in religion.

The preacher then is to deal with the affairs of life's inner streams of consciousness. He is to be the teacher of the heart.* His is a bigger and grander task than editing spectacular items in any newspaper daily. On the throbbing life of man he is pledged to burn a spiritual message. He must be interested in the affairs of of the day, for they are the affairs of human life. It is for him to see the tides of truth running thru all history and point out their meaning. As a prophet he is to suggest interpretations that will answer the restless questionings of the restless human soul. Much that he says may be personal opinion, but this will not matter so long as he has a real religious content for the world. Religious content is the heart and power of preaching. And then, too, it is the critical turning point for the preacher. He stands at this point a real prophet or a cheap

* Luther's key-note was the Grace of God. Moody's appeal turned on one theme, "the Love of God." Jonathan Edwards' was, "the Wrath of God," and Wesley's was the truth "that God in Christ was reconciling the world to himself." It is religious heart-throbs that keep the religious fires burning and not mechanical creeds. Dogma and creed as such are neither the faith of Christianity or the religion of Jesus. To be gripped by an unexplainable religious emotion (of the same variety) is stronger by far than any empty rationalism. The mighty feelings of religion are what keep the fires of devotion all aflame. When this is lost nothing can take its place.

lyceum lecturer. If he takes up the topics of the day merely to air his personal opinions, he has no place in the pulpit. If he is any good as a popular entertainer, he will get better pay out of the ministry than he will ever get in it. On the other hand, if he has found truth in his own life, he will daily see truth in the routine movements of the world, and will thus be able to interpret it to those who come to the shrine to worship and adore the things that cannot be explained.

The real prophet may believe and teach many things as true that are not true; but, if his emphasis is properly upon religious meanings, his work will not drift far amiss. Humble and earnest worshippers that come to the church of God will absorb religious nourishment much as the bee gathers up its honey, the non-essentials will soon fade away in memory. The honey bee is not very vitally interested in the color or form of the flower, it is after but one thing. The preacher, then, that keeps plenty of the one thing for which preaching was instituted of God will never know what it is to fail. Religious content is the dynamic and power of preaching. Bees will always go after honey where honey is to be found, and in much the same manner humanity with its restless religious hunger will always and inevitably seek out the temple where worship carries a full measure

of the satisfying portion. Some churches* are never able to care for the crowds that seek the Holy place, while others are passively and pitiably running on half time. The difference is that between a prophet with religious content and a lecturer.

The great thing to be done then is to keep alive a wholesome religious idealism—when this is done the church will work over time with extra shifts. Religious content is the paramount claim. But, if we should be asked what is meant by the term, we can only be old-fashioned and answer that only he who has felt the fire can speak the words that burn. It has to do with the spiritual something in man that never will be still, the spiritual something in man that responds to the keen and insistent challenge of things eternal, and the spiritual something in man that flutters beneath the appeal of the Galilean Jesus. Phillips Brooks, the great Boston preacher, tho held to be a liberal in his day, was successful because he knew how to minister to this spiritual longing in the human soul. Jesus met the longing disposition of the human heart with an adorable faith, and, after he left, his disciples remembered no logical system, no formal ethics, no philosophical treatise, no dogma on Divinity, and no mechanical system of theology. They remembered Him as the great

* This religious content was the secret of D. L. Moody's phenomenal success and is the explanation of every successful preacher. It is the key to all the popular evangelists in every age. It is touching the heart-strings that quickens the soul.

ideal of religious devotion, they remembered what He said for its religious content, and His sermons they remembered because their subtle power warmed the tired hearts of men with compelling spiritual forces.

It remains then to be said that, if the pulpit would leave barren and fruitless abstractions alone and begin to preach the heart throbs of the Christ, there would be less foolishness in preaching. If churches could but be baptized with the baptism that He was baptized with, they would be less concerned with legislation on Blue Laws* and would be more concerned in the work of getting men to love God with all their hearts and their neighbors as themselves. There was ample opportunity for Jesus to hang around the lawmaking bodies of his day, and perhaps there was need for some religious reformation in the legislatures; but He was anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor and to reveal the Father's will, and He did. If the churches think they can redeem the world by coercion in laws, they are mistaken. Truth is borne from man to man by man, and not by proclamations and decrees. The great need of to-day is religious content and not organization. We have enough of the latter to theoretically redeem a dozen worlds. In brief, the further we get away from

* Blue laws may or may not be all right, but one thing is certain:—they are not the primary business of the church.

Christ's teaching and preaching,* the more foolishness we have to contend with. We need His simplicity to once again drive us back to the doing of His work, and the preaching of His gospel.

The power in preaching hangs upon the question of religious content.† Real preachers are not called by creed or dogma, they are challenged by the heart. They feel the grip of transforming religious idealism, and under its spell they dedicate life and energy to its task. In the initial stages they know no theology, they are concerned only with the abiding sense of filial relationship wtih the Divine. If they never lose their first fervor, they make successful preachers, and the converse is equally true.

To a very great degree religion is a matter of personal‡ sentiment and imagination. In this field, weak and paltry words can only be a means to an end. The Latin in the Catholic church carries worlds of religious content to the heart of its earnest worshippers. It may or may not mean anything to a Protestant chaplain to hold

* Those that have stirred their age religiously have spoken simply to the heart,—they have not been heralds of abstract dogmas and mechanical creeds.

† And this deals with life's most profound questions and mysteries. "Life and death are the great preachers of religion; and while they continue to preach, religion will not disappear from the world."

‡ "The dogmas of the catholics repel us; their old churches enchant us. Ancient Judaism does not please us, but its psalms still remain a source of consolation to us."

a cross before the eyes of a Catholic as he dies, but I can never doubt it means something to the Catholic. It may be foolishness to some to listen to a sermon on purgatory, but it is far from foolishness to others. Each individual from the deeps of his own inner experience hangs religious content on different things. The pioneer preachers proclaimed a literal hell fire for the damned, and, whether we like it or not, their followers found in such a message a profound sentiment of religion. On the other hand the little girl that listened to a similar sermon wherein the preacher burned a piece of paper to illustrate how God would torture the wicked, was equally, if not more wholesomely religious, when she went home to tell her mother that she didn't believe in such a God. A sermon on an anthropomorphic heaven with harps and pearly gates may kick up a sense of disgust in some, but in others it will warm and quicken the hidden fires of devotion. A bigoted and self-assertive preacher may be radically disliked by some, but by others he will be held as a prophet of things eternal. The old orthodox mechanisms may be soothing and inspiring to a certain type of people, while others who are equally religious in life and devotions see nothing in them. Back of all the real preaching, then, sometimes with foolishness, sometimes with mistakes, and sometimes with absurdities, runs the quivering religious content. This is the power in preaching. The great appeal of Jesus was to this deep

current of human feeling and emotion,—over his own life he bridged the truth of God to men. As conditions of salvation at the well of Jacob He laid down no fixed dogma* or creed for the woman of Samaria. He established a point of contact by merely asking for a drink. He quickened the sleeping longing in the soul by speaking about "living water." He awakened the moral conviction by simply asking her who had played fast and loose with marriage vows to merely "call her husband." And, when she reached for the Divine with earnest inquiry, he assured the soul by saying, "I that speak unto thee am he." In the case of the woman taken in sin, he merely said that she should go and sin no more. Religion is life and not a belief in mechanisms. It would be possible for a man to intellectually accept the most detailed system of dogma and never know the slightest thrill of religious content. I cannot agree with Dr. Schweitzer† when he does away, or attempts to do away, with the historical Jesus; but his picture of the Christ of faith wandering thru the history of man as the lone ideal of human adoration never fails to move my deeper religious nature in a profound way.

In conclusion, then, it is to be said that he who has religious content for the world will be

* This reflection on the method of Jesus' approach to the restless human heart was suggested by the notable preacher, Dr. John McNiel.

† "The Quest of the Historical Jesus."—Dr. Schweitzer.

the preacher of power. It was the secret of the unschooled but never to be forgotten D. L. Moody. And to-day the men in the holy place that are succeeding carry the same warrant on their mission, they have felt the fire and they therefore speak the messages that burn. This was the secret that sent a Wesley to flame forth into the world. The great need is to get back to the simplicity of feeling, for God is to be found only in human experience. Our hearts have grown cold, and the smothering petition in our souls is that God will give us back our tears. We need a restoration of the joy of salvation, for religion without feeling is a hopeless and fruitless program.

CHAPTER VIII

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE TRIED BY ITS OWN LOGIC AND TEXTBOOK

Life at its best turns on rationality, to forsake reason is little short of insanity. This, it seems to me, is the most reasonable thing to say in the opening of any discussion on such a theme as Christian Science. Psychologically, Eddyism is but a mental disorder as distinguished from the diseased structure or function of the nervous system which is its correlator or cause, a condition known to science as psychosis. A casual study* of the early life of Mrs. Eddy will bring a world of evidence in support of this contention. She dabbled in hypnotism,† animal magnetism‡, spiritualism**, and finally expounded the theories adhered to by the church that worships her name. Then too there are those who with good warrant assert that Mrs. Eddy obtained her information from a Mr. Quimby††, and that he and not she is the real founder of the Science idea. She was, and for

* Georgine Milmine's "History of Christian Science."

† Page 23. ‡ Page 23. ** Page 30. †† Page 72.

that matter always has been, a strange* woman. In the case of her first child her father lost all patience with her, saying†, "Mary acts like an old ewe that won't own its lamb. She won't have the boy near her." In her girlhood she was frequently seized with fits‡ of uncontrollable temper—these usually left her in a broken, nervous condition. With this said, there is another thing to add. Often it is asked why so many refined people adopt this creed, as if arguing for the truth of the same. An appeal to numbers in rational theories of abstractions is not very satisfactory. Such a process would argue for the superiority of Buddhism or Mohammedanism over Christianity. Humanity is a strange outfit, and no matter what faith is proclaimed there will be followers, the number of which depends upon the pomp and display of the propaganda. Wealthy churches, beautiful cathedrals and ethical ideals naturally attract a similar type of people. The real test, however, is nothing more and nothing less than reason. What fails at this court of appeal can have no place in the thinking or life of rational creatures. For instance, if it is said that there is no sickness, sin or death, when human experience and

* Page 17. She says her father thought her brain was too big for her body. Page 22. Her father said, "The Bible says Mary Magdalen had seven devils, but our Mary has got ten."

† Page 27. ‡ Page 21.

reason knows that there is, the knowledge of human experience must reject such a contention as being ungrounded and unwarranted. It is therefore our purpose to try Christian Science by its own logic and text book.

Nothingness is a vague concept that lies beyond the thought of mind. Reality must ever be found in activity. That that acts or reacts* with nothing most certainly is nothing. Nothingness can never produce ideas, it cannot be the author of either sickness, sin, or death for the simple reason that it is nothing. To act is to exist. The idea of nothing is so empty, so powerless, so inconceivable, that mentality can form no conception of it. It is neither up nor down, neither to the right nor left, neither tangible nor intangible, neither spiritual nor material, neither long nor short, neither heavy nor light, neither in space nor out of it, neither passive nor active, neither empty nor full, neither narrow nor broad, and neither reasonable nor senseless—it is just simply nothing. It is neither false nor true, and consequently we can make no corrections for the obvious reason that there is nothing there to correct. Nothing will always remain nothing. But the monumental sophistry of Christian Science with colossal ignorance cries from the housetops that sin, disease, and death are nothing, and then proceeds to tell us how to cure them. They are

* Borden P. Bowne.

only erroneous beliefs of mortal mind, "errors which are indeed nothingness." Eddyism admits that "the nothingness of nothing is plain," but then goes on to tell us a deal of stuff about this nothingness which makes it appear much akin to a very strong type of spiritual reality. The death rate remains about the same, the "proportion is still one to one, Christian Scientists included." If, then, it helps these delectable followers of a woman, who herself died, to call death nothing, we are pleased that they are so easily satisfied. But says Mrs. Eddy: "I have never supposed* that the world would immediately witness the full fruitage of Christian Science, or that Sin, Disease, and Death would not be believed for an indefinite time . . ." How so, is our question? If Sin, Disease, and Death are nothing, they will be unaffected by all the strenuous efforts of Eddyism in the world. "The nothingness of nothing is plain." Time will neither weaken nor strengthen it. It will ever remain the same empty shadow, passive and inactive, lying just beyond our conceptions. We need have no fear of this poor nothing, either now or in the future. But, alas, it is here that we find the trouble. This doctrine that calls itself a science struggles thru illusory logic to prove that nothing is nothing, and then

* This seems to be a blanket attempt of Mrs. Eddy to provide a dialectic refuge for retreat when the insistent demands of practical life make their questions to the point and require some answer.

spends the rest of its life telling us how to get rid of that that doesn't exist. I fully confess it takes great faith, "such as was never known in Israel," to look upon sin, disease, and death, as unreal in the sense that they are mere nothings. Admit such a preposterous dogma, and Christ is made out to have lived, labored, and died for nothing. The warfare of Christianity, as well as the warfare of all religions, is made out to be a strenuous giving of life to combat a helpless and innocent nothingness. If it is objected—and of course it will be—that I am misstating the case, I can only refer to the very book upon which the so-called science is founded. On page 347* in the edition of "Science and Health" that I have, it is said: "If Christian Science takes away the popular Gods,—sin, sickness, and death,—it is Christ, Truth, who destroys these evils and so **proves their nothingness.**" It is hardly exalting that Christ and Truth should be taking time to wage a serious battle with "nothingness." Again on page 346 it is said: "The nothingness of nothing is plain; but we need to understand that error is nothing, and that its nothingness is not saved, but must be demonstrated in order to prove† the somethingness—yea, the allness

* Edition 1918, pocket size, "Science and Health," with key to Scriptures. Christian Science Publishing Society, Boston, Mass.

† According to this logic, if Christian Science finally succeeds in doing away with "error," it will also do away with truth; for, as seen here, the demonstration of truth is error.

—of Truth." This logic makes a poor case out for Truth, for **error there must be,** in order to prove the existence of truth. There would therefore be no proof for truth were there no error, if indeed in such logic there could be any truth at all with error banished. In the face of such gripping contradictions it is little wonder that the subtle teacher calls our attention to the fact that, "if the letter of Christian Science appears inconsistent to the opponents of divine science, they should gain the spiritual meaning of Christian Science, and then the ambiguity will vanish." But the contradictory juggling of a vital and widespread but helpless and non-existent nothingness runs thru the whole book. On page 369 we have this: "Because Truth is infinite, error should be known as nothing. . . . Evil is but the counterpoise of nothingness." Then in their own words Truth is given the job of handling nothing, for on page 350 we are told that "truth casts out error." But over and over again we come across these astounding contradictions, gullible only to those who have, as we suppose, gained the secret meanings that will see no ambiguity in anything in the writings of Eddyism.

On page 393 Mrs. Eddy says: "Man is never sick, for mind is not sick and matter cannot be." Well, then, what is the use of all this labor and effort of Christian Scientists to heal the sick if they have no sickness? How these poor innocent individuals gulp down all this

stuff is beyond me. Even Mrs. Eddy herself writes again that "It is well to be calm in sickness, . . ." etc. If their purpose is merely to juggle with words, their greatest need is some decent school of logic to make their sophistry a palatable pastime.

But I take my hat off to the sublime egoism and bigotry of the author of "Science and Health" who can publish a book without the least blush of an assumed perfection and add concerning the same that "It is indeed no small matter to know one's self; but in this volume of mine there are no contradictory statements —at least none which are apparent to those who understand its propositions well enough to pass judgment upon them." In other words, when one becomes gullible enough to swallow anything, then they will even relish the flavor of what more rational thought would discard as bad taste. Ignorance in this regard may be a blessing, but it never has meant much to the progress of the race. Now the test case is always hung on the power to heal from sin, sickness, and death. A pity that the Founder of this profound Science, like all the rest of the poor mortals before her, finally succumbed to sickness and died! But a word about the healings we hear so much about may not be aside from the issue. Are not most of them of the illusory type? Shortened limbs, are they ever lengthened out? Wooden legs, are they ever replaced with flesh and bones? Dead men, are they ever recalled to life? Broken

bones, are they ever mentally healed? These sobering realities of life shattered the senses of the author of Eddyism into rational thought just long enough to say that "Until the advancing age admits the efficacy and supremacy of Mind, it is better for Christian Scientists to leave surgery and the adjustment of broken bones and dislocations to the fingers of a surgeon,* while the mental healer confines himself chiefly to mental reconstruction and to the prevention of inflammation" (page 401). In other words, it is tacitly admitted that it is safer to follow a course of dealing with nervous disorders by mental† suggestion which suggests the pertinent consideration that psychological facts have been borrowed and palmed off as a new copyright. On pages 606 and 607 the man who instantly with mental surgery set

* But on page 166 Mrs. Eddy tells us that the Doctor's belief is a medical mistake. Is it not strange, then, that she should trust a broken bone to "the skilled fingers of a surgeon"? And on page 185 she says, "Erroneous mental practice may seem for a time to benefit the sick, but the recovery is not permanent." Why, then, should she recommend the erroneous mental belief of a surgeon for a broken bone?

† Take this case: "If your patient believes in taking cold, mentally convince him that matter cannot take cold, and that thought governs his liability" (page 377). Compare this with the following: "If a dose of poison is swallowed through mistake, and the patient dies, when even the physician and patient are expecting favorable results, does human belief, you ask, cause this death? Even so, and as directly as if the poison had been intentionally taken. . . . In such cases . . . the vast majority of mankind . . . believe the drug to be poisonous. Consequently the result is controlled by the majority of opinions" (page 176). Now the question is this, would not the majority opinion control the case of the cold? Is it not a similar fact that the vast majority believe "in taking colds"?

a broken bone says, "I have overcome almost constant attacks of sick headaches, extending back to my earliest recollection." He doesn't say how long he took to overcome them, but their constant returns rather implies that he made a poor job of it. Most headaches leave after due course of time by a natural process. But I suppose people will follow this faith even tho earnest men on their death bed repeat the pathetic shibbolethic formula that they are well and fall back dead. This happened in a Massachusetts hospital, as honest men walked away wondering why it should be necessary to make a poor humble piece of humanity die with a lie upon his lips.

On page 421 we have the sublime and soothing statement that "There is no disease." Then in the name of God what can be the meaning of Chapter 18 in this book that has "no contradictions" which takes up just one hundred solid pages about remarkable cures of disease? The oracle at old Delphi never got rid of more profound nonsense than this. But on page 429 there's a shock that would send a thrill thru the weird body of the witch of Endor, for there we read that ". . . there is no death." If, when they are put to the task, they answer that they mean "spiritually," then they stand condemned again for stealing something man has always believed to peddle as a newly discovered truth. However, they will undoubtedly be fair and not attempt to take refuge in such ambiguity, for

they could not afford to give up so much. If they mean spiritually, then we have never had need of "Science and Health," for this we always have known.

But Eddyism has a very strange idea about man. On page 70 we are told that "Man is never God, but spiritual man, made in God's likeness, reflects God." In other words, then, personality is little more than an image-reflecting outfit—a mirror or a looking-glass. In which case man can be blamed for nothing, since he but reflects and takes no initiative whatever. What then of all this error business? Does it root back as the expression of God Himself? We must again appeal to the book. On page 591 we have "Mind* . . . ; the one God; not that which is in man, but the divine principle, or God, of whom man is the full and perfect expression." By no conceivable logic then can we get away from the fact that all is carried back and laid at the very feet of God —sin, sickness, death and all. Man is but "the compound idea of infinite spirit; the spiritual image and likeness of God; the full representation of Mind." But reason can never beat whimsical caprice when it knows no common rational ground. So this so-called science calls into its

* Think over the contradictory logical implications in this quotation; for instance, "mind" not the one in man, but still man, is its full and perfect expression.

system the victim of mortal* mind and blames it for everything when trouble arises. This poor victim is neither man nor God, but it stands the handiest thing that Eddyism knows when it is necessary to shut one's eyes and leap thru the fog banks of logical inconsistencies. It is blamed for all the despicable crimes of poor helpless nothingness, and has the promise of nothing but censure and condemnation. It is cruelly worked overtime; but, due to the fact that it is only a figment of the imagination, there is little harm done. But should I be called to task for misrepresenting the cause in regard to Mortal Mind, I can only once again refer to "Science and Health," and we find on page 591 that "Mortal Mind is nothing claiming to be Something. . . ." So the verdict falls once more on poor helpless nothingness which, however, appears to be a very vital force, working strenuous difficulty with the children of men. Then again on page 591 "Matter" is held to be "Mortal Mind," while at the same time it is held to be "That which Mortal Mind sees." Of course there can be no contradiction in this perfect book of Eddyism, so we must pass over the fact that Mortal Mind as nothing sees Mortal Mind as nothing. In other words, it is both the subject and the predicate in the same sentence. Rational thought maintains that two things

* Just what is meant by this term we do not know except that in human experience mortal minds are the only ones we are capable of understanding.

cannot be in two different places at one and the same time and still be identical, but Eddyism, without the blush of shame, can maintain harmony in such a circumstance without the least difficulty. And, if we don't swallow it in a gullible way, they merely answer that we do not understand. So there you have it! If Mortal Mind is nothing as they claim, if matter is nothing as they claim, if sin, disease, and death are nothing as they claim, I can only say the whole system of Christian Science would make a great comedy were it labelled "Much Ado about Nothing."

But the final appeal is always the pragmatic test, does it work? We must begin by acknowledging that they say it does. One hundred solid pages are given to the narrating of remarkable cures in the back of the book, "Science and Health." But would it be asking too much to inquire about the uncounted thousands who try this formula to no avail*? That some are restored from nervous disorders any one will concede, for this has always been the case before the bombastic discovery of this woman, who, we are sorry to say, fell a victim to all these "errors" and "nothings" and peaceably or otherwise acknowledged the universal reign of death and passed on herself. In the Catholic church at their shrines again and

* Look at the Christian Scientists themselves, many continue lame, many correct defective vision with glasses, and during the widespread epidemic of 1918 many fell sick and died.

again it has happened, while mental therapeutics to-day are doing the same thing. The state of the mind has much to do with the condition of the body, to this we all agree. The challenge then that we throw out is this, that Christian Science never effects any cures but those which are primarily caused by the nervous system. It has been a godsend to nervous women, but until it puts a good leg on a wooden legged man we will be very prone to remain skeptical about its unlimited possibilities in healing.

But now let us try it out in the whirlpool of practical life. On page 397 Mrs. Eddy tells us that "When an accident happens, you think or exclaim 'I am hurt.' Your thought is more powerful than your words, more powerful than the accident itself, to make the injury real. Now reverse the process. Declare that you are not hurt and understand the reason why, and you will find the ensuing good effects to be in exact proportion to your disbelief in physics, confidence in God as all, which the scriptures declare him to be." A man is unavoidably thrown in the way of a train, and he loses both his legs, cut from his body above the knees. An ambulance is called, and he is given first aid to stop the blood flow and then taken away to a hospital. But, were it a Christian Scientist, he would sit up and say, "I am not hurt and would know the reason why," and then get up and go on about his business. Perfectly simple, isn't it? Or in such a case a man has his head

crushed to jelly and his body carried away to the morgue to be prepared for burial—that would be the story of most of us poor mortals. But, were it a Christian Scientist, it would be all different; it would only be necessary to repeat the magic phrase "I am not hurt" and all would be well as usual. How people can go this stuff gets me, but of course there are always people gullible enough to go anything and this may explain it all. But this is not to be construed as a reflection on the moral and ethical status of Christian Scientists, for their average in this regard is pleasingly very satisfactory. In all fairness I make this concession. In spite of their hopelessly tangled metaphysical and contradictory philosophy, they live by the plain practical standards of life. They never take their faith seriously—it is only talk, and words are cheap.

And it might not be amiss to say something for Christianity, which carries the divine stamp of eternal permanence with which it began. New cults, new fads, popular religious fancies, unique interpretations, all come and go, while the simple faith of the Christ remains the same insistent, heart-shaking idealism that steadies the world of complex humanity. Nor is it without serious peril to turn away from this eternal faith of the Christ for some new system concocted at the hands of a strange woman and daringly named Christian Science. The history of Christianity is a revelation concerning the

temporary types of humanly devised schemes that grow up only to pass away with the "passing on" or death of their founders.

Russelism with its "know it all prophecy" has fallen heir to a very quick type of decay, tho its founder has but recently gone the way of the world. But the same inevitable law holds true with this Eddyism, for to-day that church is already revealing signs of decay as is evidenced by their present internal controversy. In fifty years it will be placed with Russelism and other popular religious fads as unique but powerless theories that have had their day. Christ alone remains the lone ideal, ever pointing out the proper way to live, and calling the world to eternal life that He alone is able to dispense. There is knowledge of the Christian doctrine to the man that knows the Father's will and lives by it. New sputters of quackery will probably continue to flash from time to time, but they will inevitably burn low in their sockets and go out in due season. Every cult has its day and then silently and gradually passes away, but the sublime and divine faith of Christianity with its magnetic and transforming Christ ever remains.

But Christian Science is primarily a materialistic religion. Its chief battle is with matter and things. Tho it boldly asserts a disavowal of the reality of a material world, its chief concern remains from start to finish in a drawn battle with nothing else. It calls sickness, sin

and death nothingness, and then spends its life in the propagating of a formula to overcome them. It makes out a ridiculous case for the somethingness of nothingness. But its folly is so pathetically humorous. It vigorously maintains that sickness, sin and death can be cured, but they with us are sinners, they with us get sick, and they with us experience death; and all the king's horses and all the king's men have not yet altered these experiences of life in a single detail.

They boast of their healings in manifold types of diseases; but they know, as we know, that ultimately and inevitably they too must succumb to disease and die. This they acknowledge, and it doesn't change the facts if different names are called in to specify peculiar but practical experience. When a man dies, they say "he has passed on"; but the swapping of words must ever remain nothing more and nothing less than a quibble in words. They tell us that sickness, sin, disease and death exist only for thought. To correct the thought, then, means but to banish them into their former nothingness. The fallacy here is merely due to the "confusion that infests the word reality." The rational answer to such folly is to be stated on this wise. All "our thinking about the world and life must begin in experience." To deny this is to deny everything. The seeming material world very probably is to be explained from the idealistic philosophy, but that doesn't

change the fact that we cannot escape it. Nor can we be sensible and ignore it. However it came about, whether we like it or not, it is here and will very probably continue for some time to come. Call it by whatever names you choose, it will still remain. Metaphysics is never the source of experience, but rather reflections on the same. Furthermore, the test of any rational metaphysical system depends upon whether it adequately interprets experience. No matter what the system may be, whether experience is called nothingness or somethingness, it will continue to remain the same under one name as well as under any other. And this is true for even Christian Scientists. Pain is not a substance of reality, but actually it is real in experience. Nor is disease a substance, but it nevertheless remains a condition in which or from which we suffer. Death is only an event, but it is still appointed unto man once to die. Hunger may be only an illusion of the mortal man, but the only known way of effectively dealing with the same is to procure another illusion known as food. Eddyism differs from us in nothing but words. I have known perfectly good followers of Mrs. Eddy's system to slap a mosquito with intent to kill with the same vigorousness that the rest of us poor mortals employ. "If* it [Eddyism] insists on the ability to exorcise a January blizzard or to quench the

* Borden P. Bowne, pamphlet on Christian Science.

violence of fire or to put to flight the many ills that flesh is heir to, or to do away with hunger, cold and pain, then there is ample room for decisive experiment." They can begin whenever they feel inclined to practise what they preach. In the long run, however, practical experience holds full sway; every one, Christian Scientists included, get away with their allotment of food, wear the stipulated amount of clothing for the season, and finally succumb to disease and die. As Dr. Bowne puts it, "The gist of the matter is to trust God, do your best, and be not afraid, —and this calls for no expensive outlay for healers or other persons financially interested."

In this system of so-called Science its founder evidently doesn't care for respectable logic or rational fundamentals. A thing may be at one and the same time two things, or, for that matter, three or four things, or even a half dozen. Why should the unparalleled genius of a Mrs. Eddy let a little matter like that bother her? Take this case for instance. She tells us that man is suffering from erroneous beliefs, for (page 400) "every disease is an error." In other words, she admits, as she does again and again, that man is subject to error. However, on the other hand, she defines man as "perfect"* and this sort of kicks up a question from a log-

* Mrs. Eddy tries to make some sort of distinction about "man" and "mortal man"; but the fact in the matter is simply this, that we know and can know only the every-day man, and we must take him as he is, humanness and all.

ical standpoint, as to how a man can be in error and still be perfect. Now to claim for man any sort of perfection is, to say the least, a mighty big assumption; and that it may be seen that we are not reading anything into her system, allow me to quote the passage for this claim: "Man: God's spiritual idea, individual, **perfect**, eternal" (page 115, line 15). Man is also, as we have seen before, a reflecting outfit for reflecting God. "Man is never sick" (393), she tells us, but she is willing to acknowledge that once in a while he acquires an illusion that is generally worth the price of a practitioner to cure.

But let us try our hand on the logical values in the case of the word "nothing" that Mrs. Eddy juggles around so much. Let me quote a number of passages, and then you can enjoy the fun of sifting the meanings that are given to the word and see the result.

"Mortal Mind. **Nothing** claiming* to be something" (page 591).

"Dust. **Nothingness**, the absence of substance," etc. (584).

"**Nothing** is real and eternal,—**nothing** is spirit,—but God and his idea" (71).

"**Nothing** is more antagonistic to Christian Science than a blind belief," etc. (83).

* This perhaps, is the most foolish declaration in all the world. A person that can write that, can write anything, and this may be the truest explanation of Christian Science.

"Discord is the **nothingness** named error" (276).

"**Nothing** we can say or believe regarding matter is immortal, for matter is temporal," etc. (277).

"Then he will have **nothing** in common with the worldling's motives, affections and aims" (459).

"**Nothing** can interfere with the harmony of being nor end the existence of man in science" (427).

". . . supporting the power of mind over the body and showing me the **nothingness** of the so-called pleasures and pains of sense" (382).

". . . error should be known as **nothing**" (367).

". . . which proves the **nothingness** of error" (351).

Now, my dear reader, the word "nothing," according to reasonable logic, can have but one meaning, while here it is Mortal Mind, error, dust, pleasures and pains, and the funny part of it is that even Mrs. Eddy has to use the word, meaning just plain nothing.

However, if you would see the full inconsistency of the whole affair, tabulate the various meanings that "Science and Health" gives to the following words, Nothing, Error, Mortal Mind, Man, Sickness, Matter, Illusion, etc. Then when you have lined up all the definitions for these magic words—if you haven't lost your interest

in the comedy—by merely exchanging words whenever you have found their meanings to coincide you will readily discover things that were "never heard of on this wise before." For instance, Mortal Mind is nothing (591); Nothing is error (276); Error is Hell (588); but Dust is nothing (584); therefore Dust is Hell. Now out of dust we make brick, and of brick or stone we build churches. It is therefore logical to assert that the Mother Church in Boston is materially made out of hell, that the books of Mrs. Eddy are fashioned materially out of the same thing, etc. Once again, Matter is substance (591); Substance is Error (472); but Matter is Mortality (591); and since Knowledge is Mortality also (590), Knowledge* is Error—which makes all thinking suicidal to the final degree.

Let us try it again. Matter is intelligence (591); Intelligence is "self-existent and eternal Mind" (588); God is intelligence (587); Matter is the opposite of God (591); therefore God is the opposite of Himself. If you are further interested in this profound logic, look at this. God is intelligence (587); Intelligence is matter (591); therefore quoting the glossary on Matter, we have God is "Mythology; mortality; another name for mortal mind; illusion; sub-

* If the Scientists (so-called) seek refuge in this difficulty by asserting some extra mental knowledge, the stubborn fact remains that mortal man—and such a term covers all of us—can neither have or know anything but mortal knowledge. The same applies to the word "intelligence."

stance; and life in non-intelligence and mortality; life resulting in death; sensation in the sensationless; mind originating in matter; the opposite of truth; the opposite of God [Note that this makes God opposite to himself as was shown above]; that which immortal mind takes no cognizance; that which mortal mind sees; feels, hears, tastes, and smells only in belief" (591). Carry it further and God is found to be "Nothing claiming to be something." So we can make God out to be "Dust," "Hell," or half a dozen other contradictory ideas.

Matter is nothing; Nothing is dust; Dust is substance; Intelligence is substance; therefore Dust is intelligence. Dust on the brain has caused a deal of trouble in the world, and possibly it is the most charitable interpretation of this so-called Christian Science. When I am not in a position to see a circus clown, I turn for amusement to my much used little joke book, "Science and Health," and the "Key" that comes with it lets me in on a lot of inside humor and fun.

But here we might well point out one of the philosophical, fundamental blunders in Mrs. Eddy's contradictory jumble. God is Mind (587); Man is the full representation of mind (591); Man is therefore the full* representation of God. The fallacy here is that known to philosophy as the fallacy of the Universal.

* This logic is true, but Mrs. Eddy's book is opposed to it, tho it is her own.

There is no such thing as man. Man doesn't exist. Who has ever seen man? Individual men alone exist as Mr. Jones, Mr. Smith, etc. The idea of an abstract man is simply pure fiction which stands forever without ground or warrant anywhere it may be found. As is said elsewhere, all rational metaphysical theories about our life must begin with our human experience*, for the simple reason that we know and can know nothing else. Here lies the fundamental "error" or "nothingness" in Christian Science. Far afield from human experience, she begins with a preconceived idea, and all her system remains forever outside of human experience. "Because the muscles," says Mrs. Eddy, "of a blacksmith's arm are strongly developed, it does not follow that exercise has produced this result, or that a less used arm must be weak (198). But, as a matter of fact, the truth is that exercise did this very thing, as all human experience will witness, nor do we know anything else that will duplicate it. I often wonder what mothers think of some of Mrs. Eddy's ideas on raising children. Take this case for instance, "The daily ablutions," says she, "of an infant are no more natural or necessary than would be the process of taking a fish out of water every day and covering it with dirt," etc. (page 413).

* See Dr. Hocking's "Meaning of God in Human Experience," page 310.

But there is a serious side to this Christian Science. There are to-day in these United States scores of mothers who, duped by this foolishness, trifled with diseases that were eating out the vitals of their little children's lives, and who to-day with empty arms nurse deep regret and heart-shaking sorrow because the little voices are still and the dimple fingers are gone. Only a few weeks ago I learned of such a case—the mother lost her only two children when a simple remedy would have saved them. Whatever fails in human experience fails forever as far as we are concerned, and this is as far as we can go. It is interesting to learn that Mrs. Eddy, when she first contemplated putting her book on the market, evidently didn't have faith enough in the same to advance a single penny—$2,200 were given for the enterprise by Miss Newhall and George Barry. The first edition of 1,000 copies fell still born from the press, and its advent into the world made no stir worthy of mention. In fact it was generally criticized with touches of humor. After struggling eight years with revision, the copy printed in 1875 is hardly more than a tangle of words, abounds with faulty grammar, and is singularly contradictory in its statements.

It has been correctly said that Eddyism is neither Scientific nor Christian. Few words are necessary on the question of the system as a reputable science, for it still abounds in rational contradictions as is seen elsewhere in this

article. Sin is called nothingness, and then held to be something to overcome. Man is called at one time the reflection of God, while elsewhere it is held that he is the full and perfect expression of God. Mortal mind is defined as "nothing claiming to be something," and it is made the author of most, if not all, our ills. How nothing can claim anything is possible only to those who have acquired the mystical and deeper meaning of this inconsistent cult. To us who seem to lack this so-called divine insight nothingness remains nothing but nothing.

That it is unchristian is likewise easily seen. It runs counter to the statement of Christianity as we have it in the Bible. This book teaches it is appointed unto man once to die, while Eddyism tells us there is no death. Jesus tells the woman overtaken in her shame to go and sin no more, but "Science and Health" tells us there is no sin. The Bible acknowledges the existence of sufferings in this present world, while Eddyism would reduce them to nothingness. Christianity calls God "Our Father," while the delectable taste of Mrs. Eddy expresses her idea as a Divine principle. Christianity is a Theistic faith and definitely opposed to the plain pantheism of the so-called Christian Science. The Bible asserts that personality is made in the image of God, while Eddyism makes man a reflection of God,—"the compound idea* of

* Just what a "compound idea" means in this sense surely taxes our imagination to the breaking point.

infinite spirit." Of course at times man is called "the full expression of God," but this statement is so misleading we cannot afford to put any trust in the same. There is a profound difference between reflection and expression. But of all the millions of saints that have lived Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy alone sets herself up as the infallible interpreter of the Bible. In fact on page 578 she has rewritten the Twenty-third Psalm as it should be. It is a lamentable pity that her profound insight was not accessible to the Infinite, when He first inspired the written word of the Holy Scriptures. In that case mankind would not have had to wait for nineteen centuries to receive the correct version from the pen of our now departed founder of an unchristian and unscientific system of metaphysics. It hardly reflects credit on God that he wrote the Scriptures and lost the key, only to wait patiently thru the ages until Mrs. Eddy came along and published her "Science and Health, with the Key to the Scriptures." It is passingly strange that God should depend so much upon such a strange woman. But more strange than that is it that so many are willing* to follow the unpractical assertions of Eddyism in this age when so many are blessed with a fair measure of intellectual clearness.

* However, every follower of Eddyism by a strange "hocus pocus" mental process loudly proclaim their metaphysical belief and then live a practical life that belies the creed they profess to hold.

CHAPTER IX

THE WORTH OF A MAN

In the last analysis, after everything is said and done, thousands of things make little real difference to life. The things you get and the things you wear never really make or break a man. Nero, the silly puppet that burned Rome for excitement, lived in the lavish luxury of a palace. Jesus, the kingly Saviour of the world, found his way the path of poverty and died on a wooden cross of little value. Life finds princes in hovels and mad men as kings. Nor does the position you hold and the salary you draw really count for so much. A "slapstick" comedian will draw more pay for amusing the humor of a passing crowd than the head of a nation who burdens his brain with the weighty affairs of state. Nor should you care for what the world thinks of you. Mozart gave to the world immortal melodies, but the world made him beg for a crust of bread. You need not be so much concerned in what fortune or misfortune seems to make of you. A sleepy old farmer may stumble on a fortune in his back yard, while an untiring toiler fights a strangle hold with poverty all his life.

There is only one best way to live your life. The worth of a man depends upon what he does with the things that matter most. To put first

things first is to measure up to the full requirements of real manhood. The great underlying purpose of life should be a matter of deep concern. Here lies the fundamental difference between worth and worthlessness. A man is to be measured most truly by the things for which he lives. But, it is asked, can anything matter more than life? The best reply to which is this, the thing that concerns both life and death is greater than the mere fact of living. One look square into the face of grim death will make a man surrender his millions if only he can longer delay. "A million of money for a moment of time" cried a queen as she died in the midst of a kingdom of wealth. The man that sees the things that matter most and lives by the convictions that they suggest is the man of worth. God pity the man that spends his whole life in the petty exchange of passing things and forgets the great surging purpose of his soul.

But, in the last analysis, the thing that matters most,—it is what you are that really counts;—not what people think you are, but what you are down deep in the hidden depths of your own mysterious life. This means more than wealth or gold. It's a great day in a man's life when he finds out that money is not all. How true are those lines in "The Spell of the Yukon":—

"I wanted the gold and I got it,
I came out with a fortune last fall;
But somehow life's not what I thot it,
And somehow the gold isn't all."

What you are, valued in the scales of your own judgment, has much to do with the tendency of your life. What you are, valued in the scales of God's balances, determines your destiny. You can be of worth if you'll choose it. To be true to the best that stirs within you is to have a burning conviction to live by. To measure up to all the requirements of your deeper life is to live like a king. If you're playing the game like a man in the sacred citadel of selfhood, you can look the mystery of the future in the face without winking. To be of sterling worth by every known standard of value is to live with a divine dignity attached to life. What you really are in the deep hidden recesses of your soul is the thing that matters most.

But what you are depends. If you are of value—for whom are you valuable? If you are of any value, it must be to your Maker. And to be of worth to Him you must possess the qualities and passions that He holds worth while. There must be a thorogoing interest in sobriety. Character must reveal a selfless abandon to great ideals. There must be a moving interest and concern in the eternal issues of life. As the restless waters of the sea suggest much to

the reflective mind of the poet, so brooding over things eternal quickens thoughts beyond the reaches of our soul. And perhaps nothing is closer to the heart of God than a consuming passion to redeem the world. This brings us at once to the mystery of the Christ. You must make a place in your life for the Saviour of your soul, for He stands as the unveiled righteousness of God, the Redeemer of the world. Follow Him, and the rich streams of your inner life will widen and deepen as the years go on. You may live in a tidal wave of misfortune, but you will possess values that scales of gold cannot weigh. And then, too, when life wears on, and the nerves grow dull to everything but pain, and the inevitable overturnings come, your faith will lead you to the portals and push back the curtains as you step o'er the threshold of God's eternal day.

CHAPTER X

BUILDING A WORLD

The world for us is perpetually what we make it. The chalice of choice, the logic of reason, the character of the mind and the temper of the soul decides how and what kind of a world we build. We live in a world that we ourselves construct. If we build on the sand, it will crumble to pieces in the stress and gales of the storm. If we build on the rock, it will stand an invulnerable bulwark ever defiant of the ravages of oncoming whirlwinds. In a very real sense life* is what we make it! The young statesman making his first speech on the floor of the British Parliament had already started the foundations of his world. His brief was a failure, and no one could condemn Disraeli who openly expressed the thought that the speaker had no future in politics. But that young man became in the course of time the guiding genius of the British Isles. His name shines on the records of Great Britain. The world honors William Gladstone. He made the world in which he lived. On the threshold of life Phillips Brooks stumbled to defeat as a teacher in the Boston Latin School. There was no promise in the

* "Impute, then, to the world a living beneficence; the world will not reject this imputation, will be even as you have willed it."—Dr. Hocking.

clouded sky that had already driven fear thru a soul timid with fear of failure. But Brooks was building his world. He was fashioning its foundations of idealism and religion. He was building on a rock. It was on an afternoon in March, 1859, that a rift came in the clouds that had fogged the horizon. This Sunday brought a promise. He was called to the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia. On July 10 of the same year he began his ministry, a ministry that remains almost Divine in the annals of humanity. The world will never forget Phillips Brooks, the prophet of God.

Nor is it less true with the physical world in which we live. We* are the builders. If the million of things that seem to be about us also seem to be in a harmonious relation, it is because we make it so. Aside from the creation of our mind, the jostle of things is little more than a million seemingly independent activities. Sound is a vibration of the air waves. To listen to an orchestra means only that we put the sounds together and create for ourselves the chords we love. Those without a musical sense can never build the strains of harmony. Close akin to sound is the case of color. The eye picks up the various vibrations of the ether, hands them over to the mind, and it creates the color. There is no beauty in a sunset, it is in

* Knowledge, even empirical knowledge, is not passively received from the external world; it is a product of the spontaneous activity of the soul."—Formalistic rationalism of Kant.

the mind. We pick up and harmonize a thousand vibrations of the ether, build them into a scene of beauty, and then appreciate our own constructions. The mule on the hillside never sees the sunset that we see—its beauty is of our own making. The world of things is but some strange external existence affecting us. What that existence is we can never know. We must be content with knowing only how it affects us. Apart from the mind that builds a meaning into the whirlpool of things, all the universe would be little more than a "Punch-and-Judy* show with a deal of lively chattering that means nothing." The world is "Will† and Idea." It is not made of substance, but originates in power. The utilization of this power plays its part in the making of our world. Reality lies in the world of experience. The meaning of every scene, sight, and sound in the routine of our daily existence stands a building of our own construction. Aristotle builds a world, its pillars are fashioned out of invisible reason, its foundations are chiseled from the unseen, its plan grew out of the intangible stuff of hopes and dreams, and its arches are held together by the trustworthiness of spiritual insight. But where is that world? It was his, nor can it be rented to another. The road that leads to Aristotle's dream world he pointed out

* Borden P. Bowne's "Philosophy."

† "Faith without a large ingredient of Will is no faith at all." ("Meaning of God in Human Experience").—Dr. Hocking.

by little black scratches on a piece of the current parchment of his day. It has been left in libraries for centuries. If perchance some Hottentot has had the favor to stumble on the directions, it meant nothing to him. A dog would see nothing but the faded ink and the time worn parchment, the Greek alphabet has no meaning for an animal mind. But some one found the road that Aristotle pointed out, and every step of the way he had to build for himself until at last he had, not the world of Aristotle, but his own. We cannot move into another's thoughts, we must make them for ourselves. In the mind is the world we live in, and in the mind are the worlds we create.

Nor does it make much difference if we admit, as we have to, that the stuff of mind is a mystery. Are we not more familiar with mysteries than with anything else in this life we live? Can we not shut our eyes and see the snow-capped glories of old Mt. Ranier? Yet there is no mountain in our head. Your head doesn't have to be 14,408 feet thick to have a 14,408 foot thought. Who is there that can tell the stuff from which or with which our thoughts are made? Yet this mystery is the power of our routine life. Everything roots back at least into this. When Robert Fulton built up a new world in steam, he was considered a fit candidate for the mad house. He put his steamboat on the river, and as it started on its way every bystander had built for himself a

similar world for himself, with the exception of a pious old farmer, who, hearing the strange commotion, took one look, leaped in a fit of excited frenzy, and exclaimed to his bewildered wife, "It's the devil sailing up the river with a saw mill on a raft." Building a world means to harness this stuff of mental mystery. Life at its best is to build without fear or favor. To follow the majority may be indicative of moral weakness and spiritual decay. As Dr. Prince so forcefully puts it, "It was the popular majority that hanged the Salem witches, kindled the fires of a thousand martyrs and crucified the Saviour of the world." To blaze a new trail—this is the business of leadership. You can fling out new worlds like a boy blows soap bubbles, or you can flutter about in the garden of sensuous flowers supping honey amidst the strains of sobbing music and forbidden pleasures, and at last die a harmless victim of the mortal and commonplace.

You can build a transient world, a world like a playhouse. Here you may live with momentary tastes, sights, and sounds. Here you may spend and be spent. Here you may feed the longings of your æsthetic sense with the passing merriment of ribald drinking songs. In this fanciful world of your own creation you may waste the mental stuff of things, things only partially real. You may keep up the empty show, but with each coming year you must add more fuel to the fires. Things that pleased

will grow dull and tiresome. New excitement must take their place. Long you may remain a victim of the Goddess of present desire.

But you can build an eternal world. There stands before you a gripping challenge to do and dare. Put that mental stuff to work and work it for all it's worth. Keep the perspective of past, present, and future always before you. To cry over spilt milk is a sorry tale. It was a Methodist church in the heart of New York City into which went a discouraged man one Sunday night to listen to a sermon. Wrapped in deep thought he pondered over his life as he drank in the message of that effective preacher. The next day that minister received the following letter which I read to you this morning with his personal permission:—

"New York, ——, 1918.

"Rev. Sir:—

"I have sat several times, as I did last night, listening to your sermons. I am sure you believe, and your faith is the faith of my father who died in the harness of a Methodist minister. Here I am at forty-eight without faith, a materialist pure and simple, perhaps as I sum up my belief, not even an agnostic. I sincerely envy you. In the time of life when shadows are getting longer, when ambitions begin to fade and burst like bubbles, and before me is the black unknown, the end oblivion, your faith is your lighthouse, while I steer into the black-

ness. You are fortunate. Philosophy may make a stoic of me, but it is a mournful thing at best.

"At forty-eight to be a child again, to unlearn and learn again is of course impossible. My non-beliefs are due to not having proved yours by living it. As I look over the sweet pure faces in your congregation, I seem to see again those of years ago whose lives of purity shone in their countenances as a halo. How sweet they were, how free from the evil that has marred and scarred me until now old, worn and despairing, I am ready to curse the day of my birth as I compare my character with theirs.

"Let me say this:—Don't forget to tell in your sermons that in the end, when the dirty dross is stripped from life, Religion glorifies a man. Not so with the other article. The brute that is in man has no master save your Christ. In this I am saying what I know to be true, for I have thoroughly tried one side of life as you have tried the other. Now, when you stand up to preach, think of the men of my type who, young and old, will in the end come where I am and see as I do that philosophy and materialism do not lift a man above the brute, while faith transforms him.

"Entangled in various nets of my own construction I can see no way out, but as a man of some honor I make this confession to the faith of my father and mother and to yours. I do it so that, if your faith should falter, your zeal

lag, you may be benefited by the experience of one without faith, without God and without hope."

He built his world like* a playhouse, fashioned its timbers from the suggestions of sensuous desire, and lived long enough to see it burst like the bubble he speaks of. But it's too late, he must live in the world he has made. With tragic eloquence he illustrates the truth that we live in a world we ourselves build up. Listen to him, "Entangled in various nets of my own construction," etc.

Be sure to keep the right perspective as you live that life of yours. The thoughts and desires of yesterday are guiding you to-day. To-morrow you will be what you are to-day—the difference will only mean the intensification of yourself. If you would build an eternal world, you must be immune to superficial cynicism and popular currents. In the days of the French Revolution there went up a silly cry, "We will† have no monarch in Heaven if we have none on earth." Then "these moral degenerates robed a common prostitute in the vestments of a high priestess of religion and set her up for worship as the Goddess of Reason." But there were those then, as it has and always will be true, that did not bow the knee to Baal. They were

* "In meeting the world divinely, it will show itself to be divine,"—Dr. Hocking. The converse is equally true.

† Quoted by Dr. Leon C. Prince.

not stormed to be broken nor intoxicated with rampant excitement. They were building their world out of the eternal stuffs that had made a St. Bernard before them. Furthermore, it was their moral vigorousness that saved the future of the new republic. Neighbor and friend, listen to me as I tell you once again that you can build up an eternal world, a world that will never pass away. Possibilities lie hidden in you that only the mind of God can fathom. Utilize the world of things, but don't clutter up the soul with the clatter of the market place. Make good use of the mysterious stuffs of mind. If you waste it, you will go out into eternity a pauper. I see a world that you can make eternal. But you must be the builder. You must build it for yourself. It's the city of God, but you must build it for yourself. As far as you are concerned, and this is as far as you can go, God is to be found* only in your experience. There is not a title and deed to an eternal world that can be handed over to you. Neither religion nor its rewards are given away, they are acquired and attained. You must sign the articles, to have part and lot in the covenant of redemption. It's the pure in heart that shall

* "God is to be known in experience, if at all." ("Meaning of God in Human Experience," page 229.—Dr. Hocking.) "To ascend to God is to enter into ourselves; and not only so, but in our inmost selves to transcend ourselves."—Hugo of St. Victor. "Religion does not originate in thought, but in what we experience."—Paulsen. "This is the light that lighted every man that cometh into the world."—New Testament. "The Kingdom of God is within you."—New Testament.

see God—no one else meets the requirements. Yes, I see a world that you can make eternal. The plan of building is laid down by the Galilean preacher and Saviour of humanity. Its pillars are builded up in virtue. The key to the overhanging arch is Love. It's set with the ideals of perfection and lighted with the purity of religious faith. Its substance is the longings of the soul redeemed.

It lieth foursquare on the law of Calvary's Cross. It has a mystical shrine and is often most clearly discerned with eyes that are filled with tears. It has much to do with sacrifice and reveals the marks of blood. But one foundation can hold the structure of an eternal world. He who would build then let him remember that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

"If yours is a world that's lost in shame,
That's builded in mud and mire,
I'm telling of this precious Name
That can set your world on fire."

CHAPTER XI

LIFE AND ITS FIGHTING CHANCE

Like has a Divine purpose and a fighting chance to make it. Scan history, and you find that every man that stands out in the limelight came up to the summit of his position thru crushing struggles. Commanding figures are not born out of moral weakness, they are crystalized in the furnace of fighting. Invincible personalities are, and always have been, men shot thru with unshakable convictions. The hand of unwavering determination guides the course of worthwhile living. They warned Jesus that He would be killed if He went to Jerusalem. But with a Divine passion "He set His face to go" and He went.

This masterful determination has cut big furrows in the sweep of history. In fact, the meaning of life seems tied up with a fighting chance to make good. The man who drifts with the tide is surely a poor specimen to follow. The truth contended for is found in the inanimate world of things. Old Mt. Ranier is a moving sight, but one should not forget that those snow-capped peaks have weathered untold centuries of storm and wear. The flower that unfolds its beauty in the patches of swamp in

Montana's plains never fails to attract attention, but we would be heartless creatures if we gave no thought to the struggle it has made to come to life in those dry lands. Everywhere one can see life heroically fighting for itself. In the mountain streams of Washington, in the fall of the year, salmon make their way up surprising grades to spawn. They have been found a hundred miles from the sea back in the mountains still struggling on their way. No more pathetic, and yet perhaps no more majestic, thing can be found in all the animal world. It is pathetic because none of those fish will ever come back. It is majestic because they are waging a battle for the permanence of their species. I have seen fish weighing anywhere from fifteen to thirty pounds, bruised and battered, struggling in those streams. Led on by inner impulses that they will not betray, they hurry on their way to die that their young may live. It is the principle of vicarious suffering and death upon which revolves the universe of life.

It is more deeply true in the world of men. America finds the supreme illustration of this principle in the throbbing soul of Roosevelt, the patriot. He began life handicapped by a delicate frame and fought thru case after case of disease. His was an endless struggle to beat back the tides that ceaselessly fought to master him. He waged a battle for physical life and won out. During the last days of his life, when

he wrote voluminously, he had the use of but one eye, but he stayed by the guns and knew no retreat. He had but a fighting chance to make good, but he met the challenge with drawn sword and he did it. Death itself seemed fearful of this mighty soul.

But then again truth itself must struggle for its right. It must wage a continual warfare against ignorance and superstitution. With a sense of humor to-day we read how the Chinese in the olden times shivered with fear at the eclipse of the sun. We are amused how they used to beat their tom-tom to keep the dragon from swallowing up the moon. But we would be soulless creatures if we forget the thousands who have died for truth—for this truth that seems so free to us. The spirit of the fighter is, perhaps, one of the finest passions in the human race. When Germany was pounding at the gates of Paris, all France whispered with determined soul:—

"You shall not pass!
German, you shall not, shall not pass!
God's hand has written on the wall of brass—
You shall not pass! you shall not pass!"

And that spirit swept over the world and she didn't pass. But to fight with a faith in the thing you are doing is to win the day. The man who dreams over the shadows of pessimistic possibilities will play no real part in the bigger things of life. To frighten at the big-

ness of opportunity is but to live a little life. The man hunting for worlds to conquer is the type of personality that leaves a mark in history. It is poor policy to listen to the fearful when real men are getting into the fight. There will always be people to cool off your ardor; but play the man, and when others weaken just add another step to your sword.

But no man can make good in this fighting chance who falls an easy victim. Warfare to the last ditch alone is demanded. A detachment of French soldiers during the long days of the world war was sent to hold the enemy off a bridge. When they arrived, there was left but a handful. A sergeant only was left in command. He took one look at the oncoming hordes and then turned to his comrades and said, "There are only two things to do,—run and save your life, or stay and die. As for me, I will die here at the bridge," and he did. That's the kind of stuff the world needs now. It is complete self-mastery that determines the course of great living. No man can conquer the world who cannot master self. The prime requisite of a fighter is a thorogoing faith in himself.

Let me again call your attention to the fact that life has a Divine purpose and a fighting chance to make it good. The biggest thing that you can do is to find out that Divine purpose for your life and then set your soul on reaching it. Here lies your real worth. What you do

just here determines the reaches of your destiny. Will you or will you not be what God made you for? Here the sweeping reaches of God forever make their appeals to you. God only knows what you yet may be if you will follow the Divine bent of your inner life. But you will never realize your eternal possibilities unless—

"You want that purpose bad enough
To go out and fight for it,
Work day and night for it,
Give up your time and your peace and your sleep for it;
If only desire of it makes you quite mad enough
Never to tire of it;
Makes you hold other things foolish and cheap for it:
If life seems all empty and useless without it,
And all that you scheme and you dream is about it;
If gladly you'll sweat for it, fret for it, plan for it,
Lose all your terror of man and of death for it;
If you'll only go after that thing that you want
With all your capacity, strength, and sagacity,
Faith, hope, and confidence, stern pertinacity,
If neither cold, poverty, famish, and gaunt,
Nor sickness, nor pain of body or brain,
Can turn you away from that thing that you want;
If dogged and grim you besiege and beset it—
YOU'LL GET IT."

This masterful determination has been the driving dynamic which has cut its unforgettable furrows thru the channels of the past. The marvel, the wonder and the future of it cannot help but make life wider and deeper and finer in all its relationships.

But life and its fighting chance too often means little to the masses. They are slaves of the market place. They see, but their sight hardly ever reaches out beyond the edge of the much coveted silver dollar. A copper penny held close enough to the eye will obscure the world of things, the beauty of the heavens and the splendor of the sun. This seems to be the story of the great streams of humanity. They tireless toil for the acquisition of things, while the fact that God made them for something seems to them of little concern. To eat, drink and be merry is all they ask. And the pity of it all is, when that stops, they stop. They seem satisfied with the ceaseless round of amusements. They watch the hero on the stage with fearless abandon go thru fire and water to reach his ideal, but they never even think or decide to pay the price and become themselves heroic. In this rational universe God has given every man a chance—a fighting chance to make good. It may not be possible to become rich and live in comparable ease, but it is forever possible to fashion a character worth all heaven for purity, cleanness and manhood, and, this attained, nothing else matters much. They listen to a poet and his verses, but they seldom feel the spiritual appeal in the poet's soul that moves like the mystery of the sea. They watch a sunset on a summer night and cry "beautiful" with the same shallow spirit that they applaud a farce comedy on the stage, but their life

never thinks of Him who fashioned the world and built the sky. They listen to the music of a Beethoven, but they never hear the melody that sweeps in off the ocean of God's eternal beyond. They live for the most part unconcerned in God. Life's sweeping future and its fighting chance to reach the infinite City of God means little or nothing to them. They talk in the market places, but they will wage no battle for spiritual supremacy. They die as they live, with no concern as to where their shallow souls will drift in the world of to-morrow. Life knows no greater tragedy than is found in the millions that live out their brief span of sixty or seventy years, with never a thought concerning the Maker and Purpose of their lives.

The man who sees the meaning of life and feels the magic touch of its fighting chance inevitably stands out as one to be revered and remembered. No barrier can defeat the man of will power who cries out, "I am resolved to be." Who would ever have thought that that man with only one eye, one arm, small of stature. and feeble of body, would become the greatest Admiral in all the British Navy,—Admiral Nelson? Nor can obscurity hide a man who fights with a passion in his soul to make his contribution to the world. Poverty held Mozart in its shadows, but he gave to the world immortal melodies. Wilburforce is well known to the pages of history; but who knows of the fight he waged for twenty years to keep alive?

Writers vie with one another in exalting the name of Whitefield, but there is no grander page in all his biography than the scene where this man comes to the close of his life worn out in body and then practically dies in his saddle. Perhaps no name stands out in all the lists of saints in the Catholic church more than that of Augustine, but the key to his whole life is wrapped up in the words "stress, and storm and struggle." Man must be a fighter. I like the story of the man whose sword never felt its scabbard for thirty years. The name of Abraham Lincoln seems to designate a patron saint; but who has not been stirred body and soul to remember his long fight and struggle to attain an education? Linked with the magic of modern invention is the name of Thomas Edison; but how many know of this lad when a mere newsboy cussed about for snooping around a telegraph station? Secretary Josephus Daniels of the United States Navy issued an order that no liquor traffic could sell its intoxicants aboard a navy ship, and everyone well remembers how he was ink spattered in the press of that day; but how many know the fearful battle for the necessary nerve that he waged in his personal life while that order was kept in his desk for a month before it was issued forth to be obeyed?

History tells us how Napoleon made Europe tremble with the steady tread of his conquering hosts; but who has not read of Napoleon

on the night before some battle stamping up and down his room, keeping all the officers awake singing the "Song of Departure" to key him up for the fight? The spirit that never gives up makes the men of worth. It was Grant in the dark days of the Civil War that said, "We will fight it out along this line if it takes all summer." We make much of our Pilgrim forefathers, but we would indeed be heartless in our appreciation if we forgot the perils they faced to find a new world. "They were upstanding men, those unterrified pilgrims, who helped put moral backbone into a nation yet in the womb of the centuries. It is not an accident. I fancy, that the famous picture of them, at their landing, shows them erect by the famous rock. At Scrooby, at Leyden, at Plymouth, men with steel in their sinews, and in their hearts the fear of none lower than God." Demosthenes gave that famous "Oration on the Crown," and students ever since have lavished their appreciation on the same; but this Grecian master of eloquence fought his battle with a stuttering tongue, speaking with pebbles in his mouth amidst the roaring thunder of the sea breaking in upon the beach. No system of Christian philosophy has as yet surpassed the "keen, insistent, heart-shaking" truths of Borden P. Bowne; but in his early life preachers said "he would in all probability never be more than a good express agent."

And so we might continue; but there are un-

known heroes whose deeds of worth are recorded by no pen of mortal man." A young lad named Miller, who was picked up from the river after the burning of the "General Slocum," bore this testimony, "My mother gave me a life preserver, that's how I got saved. I guess she didn't have none herself, cause they can't find her." Here lies hidden a story of a big mother-heart fighting for her offspring. I tell you life knows nothing if it isn't fighting. This truth lies everywhere stamped on the best that lives. Nor can we forget the millions who have recently in the great world war gone down in oblivion as sacrifices to the international hopes and aspirations. The value of any prize is most truly to be found in the struggle it requires. A night of sightless eyes kept Milton from the scenery of the world; but who thinks his thoughts after him without a deeper appreciation because of the fight he fought? Are we not moved by the hymns and songs of Fanny Crosby when we remember that she who wrote, "I shall see him face to face," most of her wonderful life looking at things with stone blind eyes? In brief, then, to sum up, only those that feel the magic touch of the real spirit of fighting live with a Divine dignity attached to life. The world needs men who know no retreat, who never say die.

But, neighbor, I am not here merely to tell you the story of life's fighting chance. I am here rather to incite you to become yourself a

fighter. Don't forget that God made you for Himself and purposed for you the Glories of Eternal Life. Find the meaning of your life and throw yourself into the breech! You can make good if you'll pay the price! Find the place God made you for, and face the challenge in the struggle. Draw your sword, and when you lose it in the clash of battle, stay in the conflict and fight with an empty scabbard! Your loftiest desire in your holiest moment will point where your pathway lies. Jesus said to a poor fisherman mending his nets, "Follow me," and Peter followed thru storm and trouble and reached a life of eternal worth. Potential possibilities lie in you that only the Mind of God can fathom. Don't be a traitor to the Divine reaches of your soul! Let this spirit of fighting conquerors become your burning inspiration. Let it be the mastering passion of your life! Let it be a daily restless dynamic never letting you alone—fearlessly driving you to a destiny. Think about it, read about it, dream about it, and your little life will take on immortal proportions. Neighbor, I am concerned in that life of yours. I pray God that you will not fling it away to waste and ruin. God only knows what you can be if you persistently and eternally follow the good. Make that fighting chance tell! There is not a man here who can't make good. Think of Kernahan, born without arms or legs, and at last sitting as an honored member of the British Parliament, and

then remember the chance that you have. Obscurity makes no difference. Henry Stanley was born in an almshouse kept for the poor, but when he died they buried him side by side with the world's renowned in Westminster Abbey. Face that battle before you and make that life of yours worthy of a Divine Creation. When Napoleon fought his battle in Northern Africa, he gathered his army in the shadow of the Pyramids, told his men the story of their age, and then said, "To-day in the conflict remember that thirty centuries are looking down on you," and they fought as fiends to victory. But this morning let me remind you that, as you go about your routine and commonplace tasks of the day, God is watching the stuff you are made of, and hoping ever that you will be a man fit for the Kingdom of Righteousness in the sunrise of forever. Life has a fighting chance for every man—don't let that chance go by. Reach for a world, let your soul seize its sceptre and leap to its throne, and then live a life with a vigorous faith in the ideals of service, in the passions of Christianity, and in the transforming power of the Christian's Christ.

CHAPTER XII

BARGAINING AWAY A UNIVERSE

I have been reading and thinking of late on Christ's masterful method of dealing with temptation. With an open Bible I have climbed up that mountain in the wilderness and listened to the dialogue between the Son of God and the forces of Evil. The tempter's subtle bargain at its best finds expression in these words, "If thou wilt but cast thyself down" or "If Thou wilt only fall down." Here, then, in the very words of the tempter we find the truth about temptation. It is the flinging away of selfhood or the bargaining away of the universe of personality. To yield to such a proposition is to sell out the soul and to reap a harvest of inevitable and appalling consequences.

The biggest thing about a man is his own world of selfhood, his own universe of personality. It is the only real thing in existence as far as he is concerned. In this silent and unseen world of selfhood nothing exists but the thoughts and the passions of the mind. The world about us can mean no more to us than the sensations and thoughts that we have of it. Just what the physical world is we can never know. We can only know how it affects us, how we see it, how we feel it, and how we think

of it. In the last analysis, as far as we are concerned, the only real thing in the universe is our selfhood with its powers to think and feel, to long and love, and to will and do. Nor is there any reality, as far as we are concerned, aside from this world of self. Everything that seems to be in the universe about us, as far as we are concerned, finds its existence in the selfhood of humanity. The reality of the form of things lies in the fact that it is measured in the mind of man. The truth of the color of things can be explained only by the mind of man reacting with an optic nerve. The age of things brings up the problem of time, and this is a problem whose solution is to be found in the categories of thought, and thought is the subjective activity of selfhood and personality. The existence of an outside world, as far as we are concerned, is to be found in the sensations, thoughts and perceptions that the mind of man has of it. At any rate, life offers no bigger thing to us than this world of thought and selfhood. It is here we live and here we move and here we have our being. But this suggests a further thought. The self must live somewhere, and since its existence is not in time or space it is to be found in the Absolute, or, to use a word richer in content, God. It is, then, in the limitless selfhood of God that we really live and move and have our being. In this world of our selfhood lie values that will stretch out in their reach forever. The inevitable logic

of life informs us that thought is real. If thought is not trustworthy, then nothing can be considered real, for all reality that comes to us must come by the way of thought. Nor is it possible to think thoughts of things that do not exist. But in all ages selfhood has thought of endless life and believed in its own immortality. And this is to be said with a serious earnestness, if that that all humanity in all ages, everywhere and always, has believed is not true, then nothing is true. It is Sir Oliver Lodge that says, "I will not believe that it is given to man to have thoughts higher and nobler than the real truth of things." Nor could a rational God in a rational world fling away selfhood when it pleadingly reaches for its best. Values lie hidden in personality that were never meant to die.

And then, too, here lies the purpose of creation. The making of a universe of peoples and things is not so much justified by the things that are as it is by the unfulfilled possibilities yet to be realized in the human self. The purpose of the eternal surely is not to be found in mountains of mud or in the planets of rock. Nor is it to be found in the restless waves of the soulless sea, nor yet in the twinkle of the unthinking star. Is it not rather to be found in the unfathomable reaches of the soul of man and in the wonderful mystery of selfhood and personality? If the purpose of creation is not to be found in the longings and hopes and

thoughts of man, but rather in the nondescript form of unthinking things in the inanimate world, then God is irrational, and man's best thoughts have merely teased him with soap bubbles that will one day burst forever.

But this world of self, as far as we are concerned, is bigger than the universe we see. I do not mean to minimize the magnitude of the physical and phenomenal world. In fact, our brains swim in rivers of staggering thought when we contemplate the reaches of space relations. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles in the brief span of a second of time, but it takes approximately four and three-quarters years for a ray of light from the nearest star to reach our earth. But there are stars far out beyond the border land of our strongest telescopes whose light never reaches our sight. And then, too, the twinkling rays of some stars that command our admiration on a summer night have been on their long journey ever since Abraham strolled thru the hills in Ur of the Chaldees. End there seems to be none to the universe of things, but the universe of personity is bigger than the universe we see. Point out the seemingly infinite sweep of the material world, and I will lead you into the timeless and spaceless world of personality and selfhood. Point out the wonder of the mountains and the waters of the sea, and I will uncover the God-like longings in the soul and the Divine aspirations in the mind. Tell me of a new star, and

I will suggest the gleaming hope in spiritual things. Mention the spanless measures of space, and I will proclaim a human faith in things immortal. But, after everything is said and done, the fact remains that one day the sun will darken and the stars will go out, and death will spread its shroud of night over the universe of things. Then this world of selfhood will live on, unhampered and unhindered, by the burden* of a phenomenal world.

Earth's values are physical and can be seen only with the physical eye. The worth of a diamond is to be found in its brilliancy and beauty. Ground is to be measured by its richness and space. The size of a city is reckoned in the amount of things bought and sold or the exchange of commodities in the activity of the market place. A nation is spoken of in terms of the number of physical bodies that live in physical houses and work in physical industries. Wealth is but the acquisition of so many pounds of gold and silver. The strength of an empire is to be found in so many physical bodies manipulating so many rifles. Earth's values lie in the things seen. But the real worth of a man is to be found in things unseen. He weighs the scales of ultimate value by the reaches in his world of selfhood, by the moral and spiritual possibilities in the universe of his own personality.

* Or mystery.

God built us for the lofty passions that are tangled up in this world of self. He did not make us for our physical strength, or he would have fashioned us after the manner of a steam lifting crane. He did not make us for our beauty of face, or he would have put us together like the lily of the valley or the unfolding splendor of the California rose.

Nor did he make us for our physical age. If he had, he would have modeled us after the Pyramids of Egypt which have already weathered more than forty centuries of time. He fashioned us for the lofty reaches of selfhood, and these at their best reach for God. There is, then, a wealth of meaning in those wonderful words of Augustine when he prays, "Thou madest us for Thyself and our souls are restless until they rest in Thee."

But the bargain of the tempter is to fling this magnificent world of selfhood over the precipice, to sell out this universe of personality. In his own tragic words it is for a man to "cast himself down." Back of every temptation there lies the proposition, "If thou wilt only fall down." It is here that the selling of self takes place. It is here that man makes the bargains that damn. The forces of evil thru the medium of earth and things persistently puts forth its subtle proposition. And yet it is surprising how many there are, with souls in them clamoring for expression, who sell out as victims of things seen. They are led captive

by the things that glitter and glare, and they never feel the values that tilt in the silent scales of God. Many a mother cares more for the graceful poise of her daughter on the dance hall floor than she does for her daughter's immortal soul. Poor souls with stunted vision crave only noise and excitement to satisfy their life. How well those lines put this great truth as:—

"For a cap and bells their lives they pay,
Bubbles they earn by their whole soul's tasking,
While Heaven alone is given away,
And only God can be had for the asking."

The world was given to Alexander according to the terms of the tempter's bargain, and according to the same terms Alexander "cast himself down"—his world of selfhood fell, for tho he held the sceptre of the kingdoms of earth, he died like a foolish plaything in the hands of strong drink. Then there are men who make a deal with the world for a promise of things and sell out the throbbing longings of their heart and their surging tides of human sympathy. The magic works, for after the bargain they have no trouble in grinding blood money out of the poor. Their conscience sleeps beneath the drug of selfish greed. They gain the wealth they are promised, only they gain it over a pathway of broken hearts and bleeding humanity. And in the process they lose the glory of the world of their own selfhood.

The tempter will buy virtue. Yes, for this sweet breath of heaven he will give you silver and gold soiled by the hands of faithless men and women. Its holy purity he will barter for the pleasing sensations that promise so much and give so little. But before a man bargains in these sacred things of life let him remember it means the flinging away of selfhood. It is here with a weighty significance that we call attention to the words that suggested this theme. Listen to them again, "If thou wilt fall," and then think what it means to fall here. The tempter scorns the future and will willingly see you trade all you get, may be for some passing phantom of the present. He'll bargain away all the sweeping reaches of God for your life in the golden wealth of the future if you will but accept in return the defiled but enticing arms of infamy. Strong tides run in the soul of man, but the appeal of the world is to our superficial and secondary life.

And so runs the bargain of the tempter. It promises all the kingdoms of the earth. It offers the wealth of things seen. But the God-like personality of man at its best is not concerned as much with the things seen as with the things that are not seen. God pity the man that flings away the kingdom of selfhood and the universe of personality for the questionable phantoms of a phenomenal world. To surrender this invisible world of self, with its golden destiny, for a world, which, day by day, by the

inevitable process of natural laws, hurriedly speeds to its ruin and destruction, is, to say the least, a foolish bargain to be a participant in. But acquire the world and live for the tangible things, and still there is much to be wanted. A man need but listen to the steady pounding of his own heart to hear the pale horse of death pounding at the gates for entrance. It may take him months and probably years, but no gate has as yet been found that can permanently keep him out.

But this suggests another reflection on the theme. Heaven pity the man who is gripped and inspired only by this world of things that rattles about his ears. This is to miss life's deepest meaning. But thousands there are that do precisely this. More concerned are they in their little brick homestead than in the homeland of their soul. They are more interested in the clothes they wear than they are in the spiritual tides that surge in their inner life. They see, but they only see the form of things. I once had the pleasure of visiting a famous gallery of art, and the painting that gripped my appreciation was the picture of Rembrandt's father. He was an old man, and in his face there were wrinkles; but in that same face I could see the soul of Rembrandt, the painter. But imagine my surprise when a giddy girl, hurriedly passing the great master paintings, paused long enough before this rich canvas to giggle out, "What a

silly frame they put the picture of the old man in." She saw, but she only saw the frame of things. Then they have tastes, but their tastes are more concerned in lobster salad than in the finer things of life. They hear, but they only hear the clatter of things or the voice of the town crier. In a public auditorium in Russia Paganini one afternoon gave a free concert, and all the poor were invited. When the great throng of people sat still as death in the spell of music, a poor soulless farmer nudged his wife and hoarsely whispered, "I hope we have fish for supper." He heard, but all his poor dead ears could understand was the crisp rattle of fish cooking in a frying pan. But then again they feel, but they feel only the superficial and passing desires of the moment. With a carefully trained sensitiveness they feel the fancied slight of their thoughtless neighbor, but they never feel the surging tides of eternal things. Again let me say, heaven pity the man who is inspired and gripped only by the world that now is and who never sees, hears nor feels the sweep of the world that is to come. Such a condition reveals a self that is sold and a personality that is lost.

But it is in the wilderness of temptation that we find the inspiration that fashions the souls that God rewards. It is here where passive ideas give way to positive convictions. It is here where angels minister to those who hold their faith unstained by the filth of earth. It

is here where men state the full creed by which they really live. Here in the trying fires of the wilderness men decide whether they will bargain away the infinite reaches of their divine world of selfhood or whether they will assert its priority and live like a God. Anybody can give way to immoral passion, it doesn't take manhood to drift on the level of the brute. Anybody can sell out the golden wealth of virtue in the arms of infamy, it doesn't take will power to defile the sweet touch of purity in life. Anybody can buy disease in a house of ill-fame and ruin and damn their offspring for a whole generation to come, it doesn't take brains to live like a dog. Half wits and idiots do all these things with a proficiency in keeping with their mental weakness. But God is concerned in men with unshakable convictions as to moral right and moral wrong. There is nothing too low for a man to do who has played faithless to a virtuous wife and golden-haired offspring.

Many are the men who, if they found their wife guilty of things they themselves do, would sue for immediate divorce. Men may get by with their sins of to-day, but the God that keeps a record of the broken hearts and wrecked homes will one day deal out proper justice. The world needs men to-day who are morally clean, men that can look the whole world in the face and say without flinching:—

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank the God I cannot see,
For my unconquerable soul.
In the fell clutch of circumstance
I've never winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody—but unbowed.
Beyond this vale of wrath and tears
Looms up the horrors of the shade,
But the menace of the passing years
Finds me, and shall find me—unafraid.
It matters not how straight the gate,
Nor how charged with punishment the scroll,
I am Master of my Fate,
I am Captain of my Soul."

—Henley.

But greater than moral integrity is the driving dynamic of spiritual aspirations. The man who feels a deep need for God in his life and earnestly struggles to find Him will never sell out the rich possibilities of personality for the phantoms that flutter about in a transient earth. To walk humbly before thy God is to live with a divine dignity attached to life. To feel the warm compelling powers of Christ's redeeming love is but to live with a great meaning crowded into life and to die with an unfading promise of a glorious hope. He who feels the magnetic pull of things to come will never bargain with the tempter and sell out his soul. In the streaming splendor of life's to-morrow man finds an inspiration that makes living so worthwhile. And then, too, the touchstone of

spiritual idealism is found in the man who lives with a faith in the unfulfilled hopes that long for the Sunlight of God's forever. These are the men who fashion the souls that God rewards.

The deal of the tempter is the casting down of self, the flinging away of selfhood, and the bargaining away of a universe of personality.

CHAPTER XIII

CHRIST'S GOD

Some months ago I read a book, the contents and name of which I have long since forgotten, but one sentence of which I shall never forget. It fastened its truth in the deeps of my soul, while its intellectual clearness stands out as logic without a fallacy. This is the sentence: "For the twentieth century man it is Christ's God or none at all." This led me to an earnest study of the God that Christ worshipped, preached and revealed. Dr. Bowne's wonderful sermon on "The Supremacy of Christ" was read with a satisfying profit and inspiration. Here it was learned that the thinking mind can never turn from Christianity back to any of the Oriental faiths. The mystery of life may still hang heavy o'er the world, but the highest hope that man, the mortal, ever had remains once and forever to be found in the teachings of the Christ. If this faith can be proven wrong, the shadows of life merely drift into the night of deeper mystery. "We can go back to atheism or to agnosticism, but we can never go back to Mohammedanism or Hinduism or Confucianism, or to any of the myriad forms of polytheism and superstition. In the times of human

ignorance and childhood these systems may have served a temporary purpose in the Divine education of the race; but in the development of intelligence and conscience a point is reached where we must go beyond them or abandon them altogether. One who has learned in the school of Christ can expect no other conception of God than that which Christ revealed. The Epicurean gods, the immortal gods, the vindictive gods of the heathen Parthenon, stand hopelessly condemned and repudiated by the consciousness of modern civilization."

In a very peculiar and forceful way Christ's God stands out as a real fact in His life. He worshipped no philosophical deity, not a blind force stumbling about in the darkness and mystery of life to realize Himself, not a mechanical puppet with attributes little more than cog wheels and clockworks. His God was not a circus day, wonder juggling worlds to please himself, or whirling a Nebular Hypothesis into shape to explain the creation of the universe. Nor could His God be pictured as an engineer in the cabin of his horse of steam, throwing the throttle open, and then, leaping from the seat of control, to leave the iron hulk madly dash to ruin. Christ's God was the unpicturable backlying Maker and Sustainer of life and the world. "In Him all creation lives and moves and has its being." In the thought of Christ, God was tangled up in no web of theoretical speculation—He was a living, breathing person-

ality. Christ looked upon God as more real than His own existence. Great thoughts loomed large in the mind of Christ, but the biggest thing in all His life was His God. In His own words the whole purpose of His being is found to be, "I must be about the works of God." Watch Him day by day, tirelessly toiling for His Maker; listen to Him preach, and the theme is always and ever the same. His last thought at night and His first thought in the morning hovered in the veil of things unseen. His speech knows the language of intimate friendship with the Divine. What God did He did. The whole life of Christ was wrapped up in its relationship with its God. Here lay the object of all his endeavors, the theme of all His dreams. Whether preaching, healing, or dying, the aim was God. Others worried about the things of Caesar, but He spent His life reaching for the Divine. While others hurried about the market place, the echo of things eternal rang thru the chambers of His soul. His God remained ever and always a real fact in His life.

Christ entered no shrine to bow before a marble God in the silent corner of some Grecian Parthenon. No speechless form of a polished idol, in the ritualistic atmosphere of a superstitious cathedral, played any part in the making of His life. His God was not an oracle at Delphi to tease for prophecy in an hour of foreboding evil or peril. His God remained

for Him not only a real fact in His life, but the Divine Energizer and Dynamo of the world. He pictures His God to the crowds that listened as the rational fashioner of the universe, with the seas rocking in His Hands and the golden sun beneath His feet. All things hang in their existence by the word of His mouth. His God, with unquestionable right, held the sceptre of creation and stood in command of all things that are. Not a passive God, waiting for the cycles of progress, but the guiding Hand steering the stream of humanity "according to His eternal purpose."

Nor can we forget the moral nature of the God of Christ. The rational foundations of the universe and the moral nature of man, once and for all, stand a warrant for the moral nature of creation's Maker. The life and teaching of this great Galilean lay bare the fact that God is the most deeply obligated being in the universe. A golden-haired child came into the luxury of a home of wealth. It became the idol of its parents and the glory of the home. But one day's sickness wormed its way into that sacred precinct and left its sting on the life of that child. The best skill that money could buy was summoned to the case. Weary months the trouble lingered, and finally, when it cleared away, it left that bright-eyed child mentally unbalanced. The physician suggested that possibly in a life in the mountains of the great West nature might assist in helping

reason back to its throne and clear the mind of the child. So to the West that mother went, in loving devotion to her offspring. Night and day in tireless service she gave the best she had, hoping always that her child would come back —would come back from that senseless stare. But time wore on, only to cut its telling marks on the strength of that devoted mother. With tender sympathy and a divine passion she met her sacred obligation until at last the flickering candle of life burned low in its socket and went out. The helpless little piece of humanity soon followed its mother out into the land of to-morrow. But this is the truth I want to burn home. If a mother will go thru long weary months of such heart-breaking sorrow because of the obligations woven in her nature to love, God must carry fearful burdens of obligations to care for the universe he made. And this is the type of a God that Christ put his faith in—a God morally bound to do the best for humanity, a God deeply obligated to redeem the world.

But, if we are to really understand what kind of a God Christ had, we must linger at the shrine of scriptural parables. Man can measure the distance to the moon with a reasonable degree of accuracy. He can measure out the pathway thru the brain and form the laws that seem to govern mind. He can figure out an angle in the sky and tell how one star varies from another. He can measure off the speed,

as light silently sweeps along its way, and tell you how many years will be required for the flickering ray of light from any given star to reach the earth. And yet some things still remain far beyond the reach of man. We were steaming in the Caribbean a little north of the equator some three days out, when I inquired as to the depth of the sea at that particular place. The navigator looked at me and said, "There is no bottom here." He meant that no one has ever been able to get a sounding, the depth was beyond the reach of man's measuring facilities.

And so it is with man as he plays along the shore line of the ocean Divine. Who can fathom God? Books have been written and will still continue to be written, but God will remain the great unfathomed deep. This then is the reason why Christ turned to represent God by parable. This form of speech is used to suggest great truths that lie beyond the reach of words. It conforms to no rigid rule of logical accuracy, but breathes with a warm feeling that strikes home to the very deeps of human life. It is in this sphere that Christ and His God run together as one. Here we see Him, as perhaps nowhere else, thinking as God thinks, speaking as God speaks, and doing as God does. In this realm we learn that God listens, thru the sputtering of meteors and the whirl of sweeping planets, to the whispering prayer of a poor blind man at the gate. Here we see God coming to the home at Bethany after death has

done its work. Here we find the picture of a God leaving off making worlds to soothe the sorrow of an aching heart. We hear him pleading with the drunkard not to drink, urging the harlot to forsake her sin, and reminding man of Things Eternal. We see Him stand, looking at the shipwrecked sons of humanity with the knife of sorrow in His heart; and we hear Him murmur, with a choking sob in His throat, that He did all a God could do to save them, but they would not. Here we see Him willing to toil in the fields of the world to harvest humanity's redemption. But more than that. Here we find Him willing to die for His offspring. What death is we do not know, but there is a great truth suggested in the thought that the death of a God is the price of human redemption. We see Him as the father of the prodigal son going more than half way to meet the repentant boy on his return. I used to think the home-coming was the great lesson, but now it's the God it reveals. The man who will not come to the God represented in the story of the prodigal is a fool, for neither time nor eternity can bring him any better. And then again I do not know what Jesus means when he represents God as hunting over the mountains for one lost sheep, but I like those lines that carry that thought as we find them so well expressed: "and none of the ransomed ever knew how deep were the waters crossed nor how dark was the night the Lord passed thru e'er he found his sheep that

was lost." But this much I do know, the God that will hunt over the mountains for one lost sheep is the kind of a God for me. And this is the God that Christ revealed. Oh, how shall we describe Him! He has a heart big enough and deep enough to take the whole world in. He loves with an everlasting love, and He sent the best he had to redeem the world. And this Christ of which I speak—at times he seems to be entirely lost in the God He loved. In fact, Christ and His God are so much alike, one finds it difficult to separate them from each other, if indeed they are not one. But let's not mar the sacred unity by any of the uncanny analyses that have already weakened the church with disgusting and foolish contentions. Let us rather live with a passionate desire to be like Him who lived so near like God, to be like Him who tirelessly toiled in the great work of cross bearing and atonement. "But where is He now? Has He been at work elsewhere since He died on Golgotha? I dreamed of Him lately—that great son of God. I saw Him in the world beyond still carrying a heavy cross, and I said, 'Whither now, oh Galilean?' and He turned that great face of His toward me and said, 'To the place of the skull, for there is the cross.' What if he goes on and on suffering and dying again and again?" I don't know what others think, but for me I confess this is the kind of a God that puts back of my life the warm compelling powers of a passionate faith in Things

Eternal. Here for me lies the "gleaming ideal that becomes the everlasting real."

This then is the God of Christ that I hold up for you. No bigger thing can ever crowd into your life than a faith in Him. No grander thought can ever flash thru your mind than the thought of Him. No greater passion* can ever stir your soul than a passion for Him. Come now, then, to this shrine of mystery and bow before this wonderful King and pledge Him the life you owe. Kneel in the shadow of that Galilean Cross, and life eternal will be yours.

* And it is all in the realm of our inner life. "The authentic voice of God, if it is to come to man with a wholly irresistible might of meaning, must be a still, small voice."—Dr. Hocking.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SOUL AS A SKEPTIC

All worthy life is driven on by hidden but compelling impulses. Superficial living drifts along but to skim the surface. The smaller the life, the less will be its needs. Empty intellectual equipments will have no trouble with problems merely because they are not profound enough to see them. The bigger life becomes, the deeper will be the difficulties that it faces. The price of possessing far-reaching souls lies just here. In direct proportion to the depths of our life we find the restlessness of the soul. Mighty personalities are forever victims of an inner restlessness. They see more clearly into the real nature of things. What gullible people can swallow without a question they must reject—even at the price of being burned at the stake. But history hangs, and will probably continue to hang, upon men who dare to reject a dogma and die for a cause. In the final analysis, then, the true greatness of a man is to be found in the activity of the soul. Philosophy at its best asserts that to act is to exist. That that acts or reacts with nothing can be nothing more and nothing less than nothing. The reality of the soul then swings on the question or

nature of its activity. Here we find it either affirms or denies, both of which processes reveal the wealth of its inner life. In its affirmations emphasis is laid upon the few great certainties of life which are so beautifully larger than formalistic logic. Nor is its skeptical tendencies to be disregarded. As a matter of fact the worth of the soul is to be measured by the inseparable interaction between asking questions and proclaiming certainties.

In an after meeting in which I had preached in the slums of one of our large Eastern cities I walked down the old aisle and stopped at the side of a poor broken piece of humanity, asking him if he were not tired of the life he was living and whether he didn't think he ought to give his soul a chance. He looked up at me with bloodshot eyes and blurted out, "How do you know I got a soul?" His question epitomized a popular fallacy that I have never forgotten. The soul is not a something within us—it is nothing more and nothing less than ourselves. Whatever we mean by saying "personality" may be a problem with more than its measure of mystery, but what we mean in this case we also mean when we say the "soul." Critically speaking, we don't have souls. It is rather that we are ourselves souls. This then is to be the interpretation of the term in what we have to say.

But to return from our digression. The soul is inherently restless in the present routine.

The clatter and rattle of material things can never satisfy the infinite reaches of this inner life. There are spiritual powers in man that never will be still, their magnetic lines of influence whirl all things about in the cross currents of their flux and reveal the worth or worthlessness of every item. This it is that gives rise to both assertions and skepticism. This eternal activity in the inner heart of man seems to be living a thousand lives and dying a thousand deaths in every pulsating second of time. Blended in this profound mystery we find the endless cycles of change and the unmistakable fact of an identical self.

But this jostle of change and identity is forever stumbling out over a new road and discovering some great finding. We see it in the past where animism gave place to a limited polytheism and when polytheism gave place to monotheism, etc. We owe much to this inherent restlessness of the soul. In fact it is, and always has been, the fundamental key to all real progress. Passivity of soul may suggest a certain type of peace, but no negative program produces anything but a negative life. It is the personality shot thru and thru with insistent and heart shaking questions that moves the world. And it is only here that we find any guarantee that man will never rest until he has reached the perfect ideal.

The skepticism of the soul drives it actively in quest of the everlasting real. Orientalism at

one time held the summum bonum of life to be that of friendship. But the acid test of time and thought reveals how empty such a creed is if it is applied only to the life that now is. God puts into the loving arms of a virtuous mother a child fresh from the fields of heaven. It lingers just long enough to get tangled up in every tissue of the mother's life when death snatches it away and leaves motherhood with empty arms. Materialism with its thousand questions is readily passed up upon the same score. The soul continues its quest until it has gone thru the complete cycles of the outside world only to return to its own inner life. Like Sir Gallahad of old the object of the search is not far off but nigh at hand—in fact even within us. Here reaching for further reality, it digs down deep in its own mysterious self, but to find that it lives and moves and has its being in a worthwhile God.

The skepticism of the soul with its rational questionings has forever revealed the phenomenality of the external world. What the material world of things is remains forever beyond us. The quest for ultimate reality first came to an affirmation of a reign of law, but insistent inquiries as to what law has pushed thought back a step further. By this procedure it was found that law is merely our name for activity. To act then is to exist. A further question as to the source of activity led to the more profound conclusion that it is revealed only in agency.

Scientific discoveries are in keeping with this assertion, for here it is maintained that all matter is to be explained by agents of electricity known as electrons. The soul then has hit upon the truth by finding ultimate reality by introspection. The biggest thing in the world then is not even Love, as has been maintained by so many, but rather personality or agency. Love is merely a name for the expression of the lover. This truth hangs over all existence. That that acts or reacts with nothing can be nothing more and nothing less than nothing. It is to be asserted then that we can know nothing but activity. Furthermore, activity that carries a meaning must be the product of intelligence for meaning, and intelligence can begin nowhere but in meaning and intelligence. The seeming outside world is only known to us by its reactions upon us. And its activity can be explained only by agency, and the fact that its activity carries a meaning for us predicates that it is the product of intelligence. Back of all the mystery then, of the world in which we seem to live, we must find an adequate agent as the producer and sustainer—the abiding condition of existence. The skepticism of the soul then leads us to find the reality of our selfhood in personality and the backlying reality of the world in personality.

The restlessness of the soul, driven on by its compelling questionings, creeps about the borderland of the past. It asks questions con-

cerning the nature of its source and then proceeds to answer them. Whence came I? Am I the product of blind force, a happy or unhappy mixture of fluctuating atoms? Did I spring into existence at the hands of foolish puppet to live a purposeless life? Whence came these warm desires that burn within me? Are these affections of mine for the unseen trustworthy? How am I to understand the deep religious cravings that grip me beyond the reach of words? Why should I be driven by nature to choose intelligence in preference to its opposite? Am I the product of blind force, the offspring of an indifferent God, the child of evil, or the creation of a Benevolent Maker? In answer to all these questions it comes back with its own answer, affirming that it means more to hold to the faith that it is the creation of a Father God. Thus the skepticism of the soul has led to a conviction as regards its Maker.

But the human soul presses its inquiries up to the very edge of Life's to-morrow. It stands before the curtains that veil off the reaches of the future with profound interest. It challenges that "undiscovered country" with soul-gripping questions. Am I to slip back into the darkness of an unremembered world? Have I been pushed on the stage of human experience but to be the mockery of deception? If there ever was a reason for my existence, is there then not every reason in the world that I should

continue to exist? Why have I at my best been captivated by hope that springs eternal in the human breast? When everything has continually pointed to life eternal, am I to reap but the oppressive shadows of eternal death? Is all humanity laboring tooth and nail to attain a destiny of nothingness? Why should we hurry as we do if our destination is to be annihilation? Am I not to live forever? I choose but the best and declare my faith in immortality. I take it because it crowds a bigger meaning into my little life. As this faith takes a hold on me, I feel myself taking on eternal proportions. In this thought all that is best within me rises to sublime delights. These cravings for the ideal will not be turned aside, for God's in his heaven and all will be right with the world. It is then by the questionings of the soul, or the skepticism of the soul, that we reach a compelling faith in the golden promise of God's forever.

But in the final analysis we come down to a simple faith in truth. We can all say with the dying infidel:—

"My soul is night, my heart is steel,
I cannot see, I cannot feel;
For light for life I must appeal
In simple faith to Jesus."

CHAPTER XV

THE BUSINESS OF PREACHING

(A Sermon Preached to the Naval Chaplains of both Fleets during the Chaplains' Conference at Balboa, Panama, Canal Zone, February 17, 1921.)

"And He (Jesus) preached."

The Story of Cyrus the Great, the records of Philip of Macedon, the adventures of Alexander, the history of the Cæsars, and the masterful campaigns of Napoleon, tho they differ in minor details, are much alike, in that they echo with martial music, reverberate with the clashing of steel, and glitter with the glare of drawn swords and sabres. Since then time has counted out a toll of centuries. Their empires have vanished, their thrones have crumbled, and their kings are dust. Over against this picture is set the quiet and mystical adventure of the Galilean Jesus. It contains no story of hoarded wealth, no air of martial music, no tramp of iron clad warriors, no glitter of steel, and, better still, it has left no battlefields with their harrowing picture of the silent dead. At the heart of the record it simply says, "And He Preached." The world maligned Him, laughed at Him, spit in His face, and at the end hanged Him on the gibbet of fanatical rebellion. Little

did they think, when they laughed and scorned this street preacher, that they would go down to nameless oblivion while He would become the Lone Ideal marching thru the centuries, a matchless wonder and a revelation of an Everlasting God. Little did they think that this, as they thought, contemptible son of a carpenter from Nazareth would have nineteen centuries telling the story of His commonplace life. Even the records of those who knew Him best simply say, "And He Preached." It is true that they related other details, details that bespeak a supernatural attitude, but these came later. In the beginning they neither understood Him nor His future. As far as they were concerned they knew only that He was preaching. When Golgotha came, they left Him. Despondent and discouraged, they went back to their nets to fish. What happened on the third day may have its questions, but history can never question the fact that some transforming ideal flashed in the night of bitter disappointment and mysteriously or otherwise made these unlettered and rough-handed fishermen world conquerors and masterful reformers. At first they misunderstood Him, they clamored for a material kingdom, they had a weakness for pomp or display or glory, but Jesus simply kept on preaching.

Diogenes one day was discoursing on the attributes and qualities of virtue. His listeners soon tired of the speaker, and one by one

drifted away until the Athenian stood without an audience. He reversed his tactics. He burst forth with a ribald drinking song. This was different, and everywhere could be seen people flocking to the scene of merriment and laughter. At last Diogenes looked down into the upturned faces of a far greater crowd than he had had before, and with bitter irony exclaimed, "Behold, an assemblage of fools!" That was over twenty-three hundred years ago, but were Diogenes to return to the twentieth century he could doubtless repeat the performance in any city of the world. The great popular stream of humanity is to-day as it possibly always has been, superficial and giddy. They care more for a ribald drinking song than they do for the holy influence of virtue and character. This brings us to the point. We are to be a voice ever calling to a recreant and foolish world to remember Things Eternal. If we are true representatives of the Christ, what he did we must do. The records say, "And He Preached," so then let us too be preachers, preachers that need not be ashamed of the challenge that is ours, the challenge that alone can remake this old weary world. Can we not all say:—

"I know of a world that's lost in shame,
That lives in the filth and mire;
But I know of a Name, a Precious Name,
That can set that world on fire."

Yes, preaching is foolish business. Whether we like it or not, sober judgment cannot but make this admission. As a sailor shipmate one day said to me about preachers, "They can say anything and get away with it. There's no one to check up on them." In New York one Sunday a little over a year ago, at the same time two ministers were contending for opposite opinions. One was dogmatically asserting that the world was growing worse, while the other was maintaining that moral progress was a fact; nor might it be amiss to say that such occurrences possibly happen every Sunday that preachers preach. On the other hand, if there is foolishness in preaching, as St. Paul at one time told the Corinthians, there is also something to be said about its power. Jesus preached, and the world has never and will never be the same. Furthermore, it is our business to continue the story of a preaching Christ by preaching until the day dawn of a perfect age shall come, whether that devout consummation hastens or tarries. Doubtless we, too, often proclaim contradictory dogmas. In fact it may be said that our sermons are often at swords' points with each other. We would do well to think along this line, to criticize, to analyze and estimate the worth of what we preach. Then perhaps we would not be beating at the air, raving over useless trivialities, or forgetting the real purpose of our ministry as much as we do. I feel that

we all agree that we need a little more sober judgment, a little more accuracy in our logic, a little more liberality in our condemnations, a little more rectifying philosophy in our thought, a little more heart in our message, and a little more religion in our lives.

The World with Which We Have to Deal.— In all the reaches and stretches of the universe there is perhaps nothing so complex as human life. With the same lips we curse and pray. A man who relishes a taste for obscene things will oftentimes look thru tear bleared eyes when a holy thought breaks in upon him. On our knees we promise God to be our best, and then hardly before the echo of earnest prayer has died away we willingly slip to belie the petition that we made. The humanness of humanity is both the glory and the shame of man. But, difficult and complex as it is, this is the world with which we have to deal. Merchants may have their commodities, the market place echoes with things, the ships on the seven seas carry material cargo. War is the grinding of mechanism, it is concerned with soldiers like machines, its implements are tangible and seen. Everywhere there is this call to our immediate senses. The Carthagenian leading his army up the mountain passes finds them on the point of mutiny. Their bodies are tired, their feet are bleeding, their minds are weary because their stomachs are empty. Hannibal knows what

they need. He stands up and makes his sensual appeal: "You are hungry, your feet are sore, —down there in the valley are the friendly Gauls. They will give us food and water and shelter—and yonder lies Rome!" The magic appeal casts its spell, and the despondent soldiers hurry but to suffer and die. The world with which we have to deal is different. It is Will and Idea! No commodities are ours, no mechanical agencies, no machines of industry. We command a world that is invisible, intangible, abstract and mysterious.

But our world is the real world. Admiral Farragut, when told, as his squadron was steaming into Mobile Bay, that there were torpedoes, burst forth with "Damn the torpedoes, full steam ahead." The phrase is indelibly fixed in the annals of American history, not because it is worth a twist of a thumb, but because the concomitant circumstances linked victory to the expression. Compare it with a Moses back there in the grey dawn of antiquity when he exclaimed, "Shall not the God of all the earth do right?" There was no signal victory in a material sense, no noise but the echo of the speaker's voice, nor did he ever lead his nation into the promised land. But the burning truth of that ethical ideal will stand forever emblazoned on the hearts of men; and long after time has woven itself into the fabric of God's eternal to-morrow it will still be true. Our world is the real world.

Or yet again. Alexander, with the invincible hordes of his conquering troops, is remembered for the reaches of the conquests that he made. But his empire has crumbled to ruin and passed away. Put him over against a Socrates who simply said, "Know thyself" and "Knowledge is Virtue." This ugly faced Athenian had no army at his beck and call. Measured by his own day he failed, for the vote stood against him. By the decree of a council and court he drained the cup of poison to its dregs and died. He lived in a world of will and idea. He commanded a stuff that thought is made of, and with this mysterious ectoplasm he reared a structure rooted and grounded in the process of knowing, feeling, hoping, willing, and perceiving. He stamped this spell of the mystic on the soul of a young Plato. Since then time has come and gone, but Plato so successfully revealed the insight of his master that Emerson the New Englander tells us that there is a copyright on all the world and Plato holds the papers. It is thought and not things that count. Thinkers will last longer than those who drive machines, whether the machines be those of warfare or industry. This is our world and this is the real world. Napoleon, the French bigot, at the battle of the Pyramids calls to his men, "Follow me, and remember that thirty centuries of time are watching you." They follow and fight like maddened fiends, and victory makes the eloquence immortal.

But compare this domineering slave driver with the Jesus of history, and the Christ who quietly told his listeners that "Whosoever believeth on me hath everlasting life, and whosoever believeth not shall not even see life." These words of Jesus were spoken nineteen centuries ago. Since then think of the millions who have leaned on that promise, who have gone to the ends of the earth to tell its story, and who have become immortal for its truth by burning at stake or dying as sacrifices to their cause. Is it any wonder that Napoleon on the lonely Isle of St. Helena said of this Jesus, "I know men, and I tell you that Jesus was not a mere man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Him and the founders of empires, but there is none. Everything in Him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me; His will confounds me; His birth and His life, the profundity of His doctrines, His march across the centuries, are for me a mystery insoluble. Here is a grandeur that overpowers me. What a mysterious symbol, this cross of the God-Man. You speak of Cæsar and Alexander, of their conquests, but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army devoted to his memory? Can you conceive of Cæsar governing an empire from the depths of his silent mausoleum? Such is the perpetual miracle of progress, the power of the Christians' God. He has founded His empire on love so that at this hour millions would die for Him. He

speaks, and generations are bound to Him by the closest ties. Here I am, Napoleon the Great, chained to this rock, and who thinks of me? What an abyss between my misery and the eternal reign of the Christ!" Napoleon ruled the world by an iron hand, and Jesus simply preached. Make the comparison, and note the fundamental difference. The difference is a difference between things and thoughts. The implements and raw material of the material slave driver can be tasted, handled, seen, bought and sold. On the other hand, the implements of the thinker and prophet are mind, soul, personality, will, idea, thinking, feeling, perceiving, conceiving, knowing, hoping, aspiring, longing, and a thousand other intangible and unseen experiences. There has never been and will never be any question as to which is the greater world, at least no one who is mentally competent to pass judgment would ever attempt to make out a case for the reality of the material world as against the other. It is for us to deal with this great, far reaching and unseen world of human experience. We are to command this world of will and idea. It is for us to think God's thoughts after Him. This is our world and this is the real world. In the last analysis there is no other.

We Must Find and Deal with the Things that are Alone Ultimately Real.—But, if we are to presume to contend that thoughts are greater

than things, we must be able to make out our case. As prophets we must first think thru certain things. "To say anything and get away with it" may safeguard us in a livelihood, but it is not a commendable thing. To be dependable we must know whereof we speak. When we preach, we must put our doctrines thru an acid test. The scientist may change his theory, but, if we are proclaiming truth, our sermon to-day ought to be just as real in ten years as it is when it first escapes our lips. If this is not so, then people are fools to listen to what we say about eternal life. If our doctrine goes to pieces in a decade, we had better be silent about the hope that breathes and springs eternal in the human breast. To be consistent we must put back of our preaching the philosophy of Jesus. We, above all others, must live by insight and not by sight. We would not get very far if we lived and trusted in the way things look. Railroad tracks look as if they meet in the distance, but they don't. A straight stick put in water looks as if it were crooked, but it isn't. At high noon the stars look as if they were gone, but they are not. When our friend walks away from us, he looks as if he grew smaller, but he doesn't. Every sense impression that comes to us is corrected by insight. With this settled, we readily see that we must understand the relation between things and thoughts and between thoughts and things. Otherwise all will be opacity and dark-

ness, and we will be attempting to discover meanings where there are none.

Everything in the material world roots back of and beyond the physical. What things are we can never know. We must be content to know how they affect us and what their relation is. Real forces are invisible and unpicturable. You can describe a mallet and a chisel chipping away at a stone, but what can you say about the guiding genius as the compelling power at work in the soul of Michael Angelo as he releases the imprisoned angel in a block of marble? He himself simply said, or rather sang, "The more the marble wastes, the more the statue grows." They tell us the thing world is reduced to law. When we ask what law, they reason in a circle and specify the same. Everywhere the sense-bound mind is blinded with this contention. Law itself has no existence, it is simply three letters from a common alphabet, a name we give to certain activity that we find. Reality is activity. To act is to exist. That that acts or reacts with nothing most certainly is nothing. But to stop here would be equally foolish. Let us ask the question, What activity or whose activity? Activity is the expression of agency. At this point allow me to call attention to the fact that there is a parallel case in science or rather the other side of the same case. Molecules have given place to atoms and the process has been continued, until to-day we have electrons and

ions which the scientists do not hesitate to tell us are agents of electricity. Back of everything then is agency. Nor is it a very difficult process to learn something of the nature of this background of the world. All things have a meaning and purpose for us. Now, meaning and purpose can begin nowhere except in meaning and purpose. Nor can there be any meaning without intelligence. Aristotle's manuscript would mean nothing to a dog. Reverse the process, and the world would mean nothing to us unless it were the expression of intelligent agency. In our world the agent is the self. So real is it that one cannot even deny it without predicating its existence as the subject of the denying. And since these selves of ours must be the expression or creation of an adequate agency, we see, or ought to see, a greater meaning in these immortal words of Jesus when he said "We live and move and have our being in Him [God]."

Thus we come more definitely to find the real that we have suggested in the beginning as being in thought. Only now we see it as the thinker or as personality. Here lies the meaning of the world, aside from man there is none. Creation is not so much justified by what it is, as it is by what man may yet become. In all the universe man alone is like the God that made him. As far as we are concerned the reaches of time are but the reaches of ourselves, for time, as far as we are con-

cerned, is but the form of our subjective experience. In the case of space it is no less the same. A description, as far as we are concerned, of the magnitude of space is but telling the story of the magnitude of man, for space is nothing more than the form of our objective experience. Here too lies the meaning of truth, it is in man, it can exist nowhere else. God is to be found only in human experience. Religion is life and not dogma. When Jesus preached, this is what he preached. Personality as agency is the real. Man is greater than all the material world. Said Jesus, "What shall a man give in exchange for his life? Tho he gain the whole world and lose his own life, it profiteth him nothing." Greater than the sweep of all the stars, than all the planets and than all the suns, is man. No star ever breathed a prayer, no planet ever formed a word, and no sun ever thought a thought. And Jesus Preached! His message was to men, about men, and for men. We talk about a kingdom of God, and I fear we have too many pearly gates mixed up in the idea, for the Kingdom of God is within us. Personality then is alone ultimately real. With this we must deal and with this we must labor. The meaning of all things is within us and we therefore must proclaim the supremacy of the inner life. Jesus preached this ideal, and his message is the spiritual master of the world. We can but attempt to preach the same, and in proportion

as we succeed our message will itself continue the work that He has begun in the hearts and minds of men.

You may say what you please, but back of your preaching there must be a philosophy big enough for life. To be always speaking in a hit or miss style will discredit the ministry that we claim. Think you that the teaching of a Jesus would have continued to grip the centuries of humanity as they came had He not thoroughly understood the doctrine that He preached? To know the things men live by we must be more than casual students or superficial inquirers. It is true that there are questions that have never yet been settled, and these it is equally true should never be our theme, for we are to preach the great catholic certainties of life. How shall the people hear unless they have a preacher to preach truth? But it is equally true, how shall the preacher preach truth he doesn't understand? An earnest understanding of the relation between thoughts and things and between life and man will do much to eliminate the usual foolishness in preaching. It is for us to be more concerned with what men think than with what men do. Does not the philosophy of Jesus tell us that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is He"? The prophet that has a profound grip on the deeper meaning of life will be able to disturb a whole generation with quickening thought. Humanity has always had a ready ear for one

who knows. When the cities of Galilee turned out to hear the Nazarene, did they not say, "He speaks as one having authority"? In the case of Boston's greatest preacher do we not find the same characteristics? A cab driver came away from one of Phillips Brooks's sermons, saying, "Every time I hear him preach I feel stronger." The preacher that can make his age think will leave impressions that will tell. Life without disturbing questions will stagnate and decay in the useless mazes of mediocrity and worthlessness. This is why I have presumed to say a few things about Christian Philosophy. I have tried to make plain that ultimate reality, as far as we are concerned, is found in agency, or, as we would rather put it, personality. This is the real world, and it swings about three fundamental propositions. In the first place, recognition is given to a world of coexisting personality. In the second, acknowledgment is made of the fact of human reason. And, lastly, we begin, continue and end with human experience. The self is real, and its highest purpose lies hidden in the fact that we were made for God. This is what we are to preach. "We are not our own, we are bought with a price." We are to go up and down the roads of life proclaiming that man is the son of God, and that "it doth not yet appear what He shall be, but that we know, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." This is the real. If we have

found it for ourselves, we cannot but proclaim its challenge. As was said by the other preachers, "We cannot but speak the things we know and have seen."

Having Found the Real, Another Difficulty Confronts Us.—We cannot turn it over ready made to those we teach. There is change and evolution in all the universe. Nothing comes to us ready made, not even ourselves. We cannot move into another's thoughts nor have another move in ours. We must make them for ourselves. Nor is it less true with religion. Neither religion nor its rewards are given away. They are acquired and attained. Mathematics are as free as the air we breathe, but the binomial theory cannot be given as a gift even if we wanted to. You must make it for yourself by building it all anew. Doesn't the philosophy of Jesus say that only the "Pure in heart shall see God"? No one else meets the requirements. The Greek language means nothing to a Hottentot until the laborious process of making it all over again step by step has been gone through. With all reverence let me say it,—Man will not fall heir to everlasting life merely because he has been given the privilege to live for threescore years and ten. You cannot obtain spiritual life like you buy a summer cottage, and there will be no "For Rent" sign on the City of God when we get there. We must work out our own salvation, and

doubtless there is something to be said about fear and trembling. Religion and its destiny are not handed out by a super Santa Claus. They are made and crystallized in the hot blast of human experience and wrought out in the eternal conflict of the soul. Men are not transformed like we build monuments; the process is more like the unfolding life of a summer rose. Men are remade from within—this is the doctrine of the supremacy of the inner life. Only in poetry do we find or hear that God is given away for the asking. In human experience it is a different story. The Christian life, if it has its transfigurations, also has its Pilates' hall, its gardens of Gethsemane, and its Golgothas of crucifixion. Oftentimes God is most clearly discerned with eyes that are filled with tears. The citadel of heaven is taken by storm. Weak-kneed star gazing passivity of life will never attain to eternal worth. However it came about, whether we like it or not, we cannot give God to those we teach. For them God is to be found only in their own experience. They may travel afar in their search, but like Sir Galahad of old they will ultimately return to discover Him earnestly waiting in their own sacred citadel of selfhood. The Kingdom of God is within us, and it is for every man to build it for himself. Having stated this difficulty, it brings us to the task of preaching.

Our Task.—After everything is said and done, the business of preaching is to inspire a reach for the ideal. The worth of a man is not to be measured by the weight of the body he lives in. To understand the value of a personality is to know that for which it reaches. Is it not the "gleaming ideal that increasingly becomes for us the everlasting real"? Is it not the choice sons of far vision that guide the stumbling age in which they live? The sight of a burning bush makes a simple mountain shepherd the immortal leader of an immortal race.

Evan Roberts back in 1905 saw a crucified redeemer stand at the foot of his bed and bid him preach. Nor was he disobedient to the heavenly vision. Soon all South Wales was aflame with a great religious awakening, and in six weeks twenty thousand people joined the churches and renewed their forgotten vows. Joseph was a dreamer and Christ was called a mystic. Only big ideals can make big men. Is it saying too much to say that the ideal and the real must be ours? Only he who has felt* the fire can speak the words that burn. It was said of John the Baptist that "he was a burning and a shining light." Nor is it to be thought that the order of those words came by chance, for, as Dr. Goodell put it many years ago, "The price of shining is burning." Would it be too

* "Religious experience is essentially religious feeling,"—H. Höffding.

old-fashioned to say it is still true? A knife held in the fields of a generator carries away a bit of power by contagion. In like manner magnetic attraction holds true for us. If our devotions hold us in the fields of spiritual things long enough, our messages will attract the longings of the human heart. I have tried to say something about Christian philosophy. I have tried to emphasize the need of honest and earnest study, and now I speak of tarrying at devotions. Jesus spent thirty years to prepare for three short but eventful years of ministry. We have doubtless all again and again repeated this, but would we not be better prophets if we said it less and practised it more? We must pay the price to make the real and the ideal ours. And in this connection allow me to point out the three poles of great living and of great thinking. At the age of twenty-two a young lad scribbled in his diary that he "had found God." In the course of time he turned out to be William Gladstone, the guiding genius of the British Isles.

There is something to be said about life and preaching remembering God. A natural sequence is the assertion of the soul which we have again and again discovered as the real. It is perhaps the most profound conviction possible to the mind of man. If a piece of radium the size of my thumb trembles and quivers with energy that will last for thirty thousand years to come, what must be the

destiny of the soul that thinks and feels, that loves and longs, and that wills and does? It is no wonder that Immanuel Kant tells us that "God, the Soul, and Immortality are three fundamental assumptions that practical reason will never cease to affirm." Thus then we see that these fundamental things must be ours. If we are to succeed in our task of inspiring a reach for the Ideal, we must ourselves have it in possession. Nor should we be fearful if we stand in the minority.

It may or may not be a commendable thing to follow a crowd. Regardless of minority or majority, if our religion is false we must suppress it, if true we must propagate it. If we are forced to break with the popular trend of things, it is a matter of little concern. The world has very little use for its prophets and reformers, its St. Pauls and Wesleys, its Savonarolas, or its Columbuses and Cromwells. Mozart gave to the world immortal melodies, but the world made him beg for a crust of bread. "It was the popular majority that burned the Salem witches, kindled the fires of a thousand martyrs, stoned the prophets, and crucified the Saviour of the world." Men with empires in their purposes and new eras in their brain are maligned, laughed at, ridiculed and scorned. They laughed at Socrates on the venal streets of Athens, but who can tell what has become of those that laughed? Have they not gone down to nameless oblivion and passed

forever into the night of hopeless forgetfulness? For weal or woe then, it is for us to incite and inspire a reach for the ideals that we have. Majority or no majority, it is for us to be true to the mission of the Christ we preach.

The world with which we have to deal is men. Our quest for what is real brings us but to him. The subtle nature of his life confronts us with its difficulty. And our task is to inspire him with a reach for the ideal, an ideal that lives within him. Since it is far easier to understand an idea, we must be concerned with making ideas ideals for others. Harriet Beacher Stowe is challenged by the attraction of freedom. She baptizes the idea with her earnest soul and begins the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Night and day she writes. She sets it on fire with a passionate conviction until the scratch and scribble becomes the tramp and tread of a half a million men to free a race in bondage. It is the case with Mohammed. Listen to him as he stands alone to say, "There is but one God." In ten years the idea is aflame with idealism. "Westward* to the pillars of Hercules, Eastward to the crescent horns of the bay of Bengal, where the waters of the Ganges mingle with the waters of the Southern Seas, it spreads, and to-day from the loyal hearts and brazened throats of over 200,000,000

* "The Man Who Dares."—Dr. L. C. Prince.

of mankind there comes the Moslem cry, 'There is but one God,'—but the ideal echo adds, 'Mohammed is his prophet'."

There is something in man that will always respond to such ideals, ideals that have been made and fashioned from ideas, for they carry the warm touch of a mighty soul.

In the yard of a certain industry of steel I one day stood by a nondescript mass of rusty steel. Little did I think that such a lifeless mass would respond to anything. What appeal could be made to such a tangle? But there passed that way a traveling crane. It lowered a massive magnet which swung down near the twisted and crooked pile of rust, and, lo, every bar, rod, and plate began to move. They trembled with new life, shook loose their shackles, and leaped in the direction of the compelling power to find the mystery that had quickened them. In much the same manner man reacts. There is something within him that needs but to be kindled to make him anew. It is "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." We are to make our appeal to man. It is our business to disturb him with questions, to awaken his intellect, to quicken his conscience, to keep alive his sense of wonder, and to assure the soul. Contact is made with speech, and the process is to arrest attention with an idea, and then assist him in making it an ideal with challenging attraction.

To tell our men to be virtuous is one thing,

but to make it a keen and insistent ideal is quite another. Virtue as a word may be but a passive symbol of an idea. We must make it a dynamic by gathering its incentives from the past, by mentioning its power in the present, and by stretching the reaches out into the dreamland of the future. This method will move the souls of men if, perchance, there is anything in them to move. Especially will it do so if we make the process impinge definitely on the hearts, minds, imagination, and souls of those to whom we preach. In our sermons, then, let us remind them of their future. Paint the picture of their hopes that are as yet unfulfilled, and ask them if, after thirty years of time, they will be able to look into the faces of their sons who have grown to the edge of manhood, and say, "Boys, I have turned over to you clean blood, and I expect you to keep it clean." Do not hesitate to tell them that, if we sow to the wind, we will reap the whirlwind. Do not let them remain in ignorance as to the appalling consequences of sin. Make the purity of fatherhood a thing to be desired by contrasting it with the stream of disease that follows in the wake of sickening immorality. Sting the conscience with the story of the babies that are yet unborn, but that will come into life with deformed bodies, with sightless eyes and with minds deranged. This done, and the idea of virtue will burst forth into an ideal of gripping proportions.

Hurling a life after an idea is the cost of making it an ideal. In the days when killing was a pastime, the annihilation of the enemy a thing to be desired, and the bloodshed of war a thing to be commended, there came a Jesus from Galilee, proclaiming the sacredness of human life. Into that doctrine He poured every possession that He had, and in the end flung His life into the balance. That was nineteen centuries ago. But to-day, from the crystal beauty of glaciers in Alaska to the sun-dried sands of Indian deserts, and thence to the farthest northeast corner of Asia, there is a line that crosses every land where human beings swell, marking out the boundaries of ideal regard for human life. It was in the beginning only an idea, but to-day it stands for those who make it so, an ideal, than which there are few greater. Killing may continue as it does and perhaps as it will, but there is now an echo of conscience that was never heard before. Hurling a life after an idea to make it an ideal is costly business, but so did our Master before us. To sweat blood in study and devotion is the price we have to pay. The regeneration of humanity lies in the application of the doctrine we are sworn to preach. Merchants may go on buying and selling their commodities, ships on the seven seas may continue to carry their cargoes of things, and politicians may be concerned with political jobs; but we are to go to the ends of the earth,

making the ideas of men the ideals of men. This has been called the King's business. Ours is a royal mission in the world. Man is inherently religious, but Christ may be to many little more than a passive idea. If we would succeed, it is for us to make Him a compelling power, for, as He said, "And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

In conclusion, then, let me say that the charge that rests upon us as ambassadors of the Everlasting God is to preach the preaching that kindles life anew, that stabs immorality with the sting of a quickened conscience, that makes religion the sweet breath of a kindly heaven, that brings comfort to the sorrowing and bereaved, that touches life and reveals the Christ in man, and that transforms the littleness of human living into eternal proportions; for, as another puts it, "Religion* is the first thing and the last thing. Until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning and works toward no end."

* H. G. Wells.